

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



Fred Olin

STAR OF WONDER By WILLIAM FAY • DECEMBER 1951



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TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT and Mrs. Truman are keeping close watch these days on a big house across the street from Blair House, where they now reside. Moving day will soon arrive for them. The reconstructed White House is nearing completion at last.

The roof is on and the windows have been installed. All exterior construction is finished. The job of interior building and decorating is proceeding according to plan. The Presidential mansion "looks pretty good", the sightseers say as they gaze through the iron fence.

There is no change in the outward appearance. It's the same White House with the big porch and the lantern hanging down, always lighted at night when the President is at home. Inside, everything has been rebuilt—new beams of steel, new supports for the new floors, new partitions and a million modern improvements all cleverly concealed within the old-fashioned high ceiling walls. This five-million-dollar fixup should last a long time.

NEW POSTMASTER JOBS

Salaries of postmasters in small places are not attractive, but every notice of examinations by the Civil Service Commission brings a flood of applicants. Some of the recent vacancies include, in case you like the wide open spaces, Twodot, Mont., \$2370 (per year that is); Naco, Ariz., \$2970; Chemawa, Ore., \$2970; Zion National Park, Utah, \$2570. Postmasters work an eight-hour day. They don't get much money, but think of all the post cards they can read.

PENTAGON COFFEE DRINKERS

Pentagon workers drink 32,000 cups of coffee every day in nine snack bars, four cafeterias and three dining rooms. It is a custom to drink coffee at 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Average time spent is 11 minutes.

SNAIL INVASION

Some giant African snails have invaded our country and there is hob to pay. They are land snails, big as a baseball. They chew up vegetation in an alarming way. The snails first appeared

in Guam and the Mariana Islands in the Pacific. They next got into Hawaii. Now some of them are said to have reached United States beaches in both the lower east and west coasts. Congress passed a new law forbidding the importation of the mollusca, and Federal and State plant quarantine inspectors are working with ships' crews to keep the snails out. The big snails have a brown, conical shell which grows to be six inches long. Its body is rubbery and dark. It hides under leaves during the day and comes out at night. They say it can eat a head of lettuce in one meal. The snails lay about 300 eggs at a time. During World War II the Japanese imported them as an edible food, but the Nipponeese didn't like them. Now they're on the loose.

OVER THE HILL

An elderly couple cannot live on an annual income of less than \$1863 per year, the Bureau of Labor Statistics asserts. Of this \$671 is needed for housing and \$1192 for food. Such a couple would be over 65 years old, would live in a two or three room home, would have no car, would work occasionally and would also draw old-age assistance. The old age pension is not included in the above figure.

SOMEBODY OWES SOMEBODY

Public and private net debt rose \$38 billion during the past year and is now over the \$484 billion mark, the Commerce Department reports. A good share of this increase, however, was for private debt with corporate short term liabilities first and borrowings for residential and commercial building second. The farm mortgage debt is now \$5.8 billion, an eight per cent expansion. Net public debt is \$239.1 billion.

NEW ELECTRIC BRAIN

A scientist in nearby Bethesda, Md., has developed a "brain in a suitcase" which may revolutionize industrial science and make "push button" warfare a reality. It is the first all-electric computer and its usefulness lies in its ability to control other machines. Military uses

of the new computer, produced by the Jacobs Instrument Company in a small plant, are rated top secret by the Defense Department. The new "brain" will cost only tens of thousands of dollars instead of the millions now being spent to develop huge computing machines. Fast—it can add two 40 digit numbers in one-millionth of a second. Complex problems can be solved in minutes. The machine could be set to control the flight of a guided missile. Donald H. Jacobs, 36 year old physicist, perfected it. He was one of those who worked on the Norden bomb sight of World War II days.

ATOMIC DESTRUCTION

One atomic bomb dropped on Washington could cause 120,000 casualties, Col. John E. Fohndahl, local director of Civilian Defense revealed in a report to Congress. He estimates 40,000 would die the first day and the others during the following six or seven weeks.

JUNKET FOR JUNK

Iron and steel scrap is so scarce three Congressmen have been chosen to go on an around-the-world junket to find junk. They are Reps. William C. Lantaff of Fla.; John F. Shelley of Calif., and Charles B. Brownson of Indiana, members of the sub-committee of the House Expenditures Committee. They will look around the Pacific for abandoned war material, then go through Europe. Many tons of scrap will be located and salvaged by steel companies at big savings.

CAPITAL CORN

Top price for school lunches in Washington this year is 25 cents. The agriculture department pays a subsidy, that's why. . . . Family incomes in the District of Columbia average \$4130, a high for the South, which averages \$2248. National average, according to the Census Bureau, is \$3068. . . . Department of Agriculture experts have made a snug house out of plywood with paper sandwiched in the walls, cheapest insulated construction yet devised. . . . FBI boss J. Edgar Hoover says cattle rustling is on the increase.

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THE Elks

VOL. 30

No. 7

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION.

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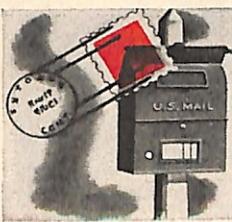
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What Our Readers Have to Say



I read your mountain sheep article with a great deal of interest. I personally have shot

sheep from Mexico to Alaska and have very fine specimens of the Mexicana (2), Canadensis (4), Stonei (4), Montana (2) and Fannini (4). If my recollection serves me correctly, this totals 16 sheep. My first sheep was shot in what now is Glacier Park some years before it was made a park, in the year 1907. The only one that is missing in my collection is the specimen of the Dall. My brother got several very fine Dall some years ago. Everything you say about the hard work involved in hunting mountain sheep is correct. I have shot practically all of my sheep with calibers less than 30 with open sights. I think your article, accompanied by a half dozen good pictures, would make a very fine pamphlet on sheep hunting.

Robert A. Uihlein
Milwaukee, Wis.

The above letter was written to Byron W. Dalrymple, who wrote about sheep hunting in our October issue.

We are impressed with the quality of your fine magazine and wish to congratulate you on your October issue. In particular, the hunting cover by C. E. Monroe is outstanding.

J. J. Shomon, Chief
Education Division
Commission of Game
and Inland Fisheries.
Richmond, Va.

I got quite a kick out of the change in sex from hen to rooster in the story "By Accident" in the October issue. Harry Barton, who did the illustration, surely did not care just as long as it was a chicken.

I do enjoy *The Elks Magazine* even so.

R. C. Saufley
Phoenix, Ariz.

Mr. Barton's picture showed a rooster where the article accompanying the illustration mentioned a hen.

I wish to thank your Travel Department for the cooperation you have given me in obtaining the necessary information. I'm sure it will make my trip easier and more pleasant and enjoyable.

Joseph Haddad
Waterbury, Conn.



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ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

Star of Wonder

BY WILLIAM FAY

***It was Christmas Eve—and happiness
to this ten-year-old boy no longer
depended on a very special bicycle.***

AT FOUR O'CLOCK, on the afternoon of December 24th, a crisis walked like a gun-bearing goblin into the life of David Cooper, who was ten years old. He found that all happiness did not depend on a bicycle that carried as standard equipment a speedometer, a three-toned horn and a saddle-bag of such authentic Western design it might have been lifted from the honest hide of Hopalong Cassidy's horse. The bike had lost its meaning in a moment's conversation overheard, and David, in the same moment's span, had become substantially older. Softly he set down the extension phone into which he had been listening. His slippers feet were silent on the carpeting of the television room. His heart shrank small with despair.

At that time, too, in the New York suburb where David and his family lived, the snow began to fall. He saw the first flakes coming down but watched them without excitement. A pedigreed pup, too young to have known an earlier winter, raced in alarm before the swirling snow that pursued him along this likewise pedigreed street, past the big and handsome houses with their wreaths hung in the windows and all the evergreen trees, out-of-doors, still fat and flourishing in cold December, with their Christmas lights aglow. David pressed his face against the

thick glass of the casement windows, and his warm breath formed a ghost of vapor there. He wrote with one finger on the glass, "Pleze God," then sobbed in his little chest. He would have traded all the bicycles and saddlebags the world possessed if they could redeem what he had learned on the telephone.

He walked away from the window. The house was still. His brother and sister, older than he, were off on affairs of their own—Martha to a Christmas party, Harry to see his girl. Their own fir tree, cone-shaped and much taller than David, had been strung this morning by a hired electrician, but the switch had not been turned. Last year, he recalled, Pop had done the job himself, and by this time of afternoon the tree had glowed like a tall queen dressed in light. Pop was the neighborhood's unchallenged specialist in dressing outdoor trees.

"David?"

He remained still. It was Miss Cousins, their new housekeeper, who had called him. He did not customarily display his tears to strangers, and he was filled with guilt for having listened to a conversation not intended for his ears.

"David?"

"I'm in here," he said.

"Watching television, dear?" Miss
(Continued on page 48)

He looked up to the solitary and feeble bulb at the top.



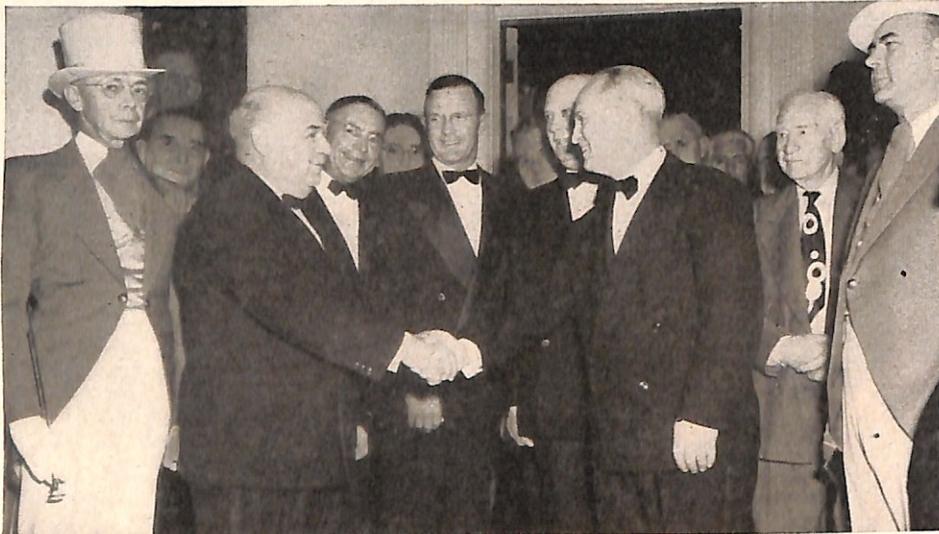


A. Radom

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



At Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, seated left, holds the attention of, left to right, seated, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles E. Broughton and Henry C. Warner and, standing, Past Exalted Ruler Ralph S. Kingsley and Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Kennedy.



The Order's leader is greeted at Pasadena, Calif., Lodge by E.R. Marion McCartney in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Rulers L. A. Lewis, looking over Mr. Davis' shoulder, and Michael F. Shannon, behind Mr. McCartney. Others pictured include Past Pres. Ben W. Osterman, center, former Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committeeman Raymond D. Crowell, P.D.D., and other officials.



The National Championship Trophy is presented to the two-time winning' Ritualistic Team of Greeley, Colo., Lodge by Chairman W. A. Wall of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee in the presence of Mr. Davis. The team is composed of Esq., Karl Adams; Est. Loyal Knight, Dr. Joseph Haefeli; Est. Lect. Knight, Ross I. Shaklee; Est. Lead. Knight, Richard L. Tatman; Inner Guard, Norman M. Dean, Chaplain, L. S. Lamb. E.R. E. G. Smith was not present for the photograph.

GRAND EXALTED RULER Howard R. Davis was the guest of SALAMANCA, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1025, on Sept. 17th, at a dinner at which E.R. H. C. Grandusky presided. The following evening, the members of PENN YAN, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1722, headed by E.R. Frank J. Erwin were hosts to the Order's leader. On the 20th, Mr. and Mrs. Davis were special guests of WAYNESBORO, PA., LODGE, NO. 731, for its Golden Jubilee celebration. State Pres. H. Earl Pitzer and Mrs. Pitzer also attended the festivities which were in charge of E.R. Charles C. Senheimer and P.D.D. Jacob Fisher.

The annual Fall Conference of the IND. ELKS ASSN. on Sept. 22nd had INDIANAPOLIS LODGE NO. 13 as host and the Order's leader as its honored guest. With Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph B. Kyle and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, and State Pres. Roy Jorg, Mr. Davis appeared at five District Conferences during the day, and addressed a group of 250 Elks and their ladies at a luncheon. State Secy. C. L. Shideler and Mr. Jorg, assisted by E.R. Charles O. Kidwell and Secy. L. A. Krebs of the host lodge, were in charge of the sessions.

With Past Grand Exalted Rulers Michael F. Shannon and L. A. Lewis, Howard R. Davis was the guest of PASADENA, CALIF., LODGE NO. 672, for its Fiftieth Anniversary celebration on Sept. 25th, addressing crowd of 500 diners at a banquet at which he was introduced by E.R. Marion McCartney. Among the dignitaries present were Fred B. Mellman, former member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and State Pres. Ben W. Osterman.

From the 26th to the 28th, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended business sessions of the 1951 Convention of the CALIF. STATE ELKS ASSN. at SANTA MONICA, where, with Mr. Shannon and Mr. Lewis, he heard the first report of the committee in charge of the Association's tremendous cerebral palsy program. Mr. Davis addressed a session during which the 100,000th member of the rolls of California Elkdom was introduced, and later spoke



Three of the Order's former leaders, left to right, Henry C. Warner, Floyd E. Thompson and Charles E. Broughton, standing, give the present Grand Exalted Ruler the benefit of their advice at Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge.



Mr. Davis congratulates O. E. Allen, leader of the new Princeton, Ill., Lodge, as State Pres. William S. Wolf, Committee Chairman Chas. E. Kittler and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, in that order, look on.

at the Annual Convention dinner attended by 600 Elks and their ladies. Also on hand for these sessions were R. Leonard Bush of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Chairman M. B. Chase of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, Edwin J. Alexander, a member of Mr. Chase's Committee, and A. F. Bray of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee.

Leaving Santa Monica immediately after enjoying the annual Festival of Music performed by the choruses of various California lodges, the Grand Exalted Ruler flew to NASHVILLE where he attended a session of the TENN. STATE ELKS ASSN. Convention on Sept. 29th. Following his introduction by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Mr. Davis addressed a dinner gathering at which Edward A. Dutton, former member of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and Hugh W. Hicks, formerly of the Board of Grand Trustees, were present.

On the first day of October, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles E. Broughton, Henry C. Warner and Floyd E. Thompson, and Geo. F. Thornton of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of KENOSHA, WIS., LODGE, NO. 750, at a luncheon meeting at which E.R. Thos. J. Kennedy presided. That evening, the official party was entertained at a dinner given by MILWAUKEE LODGE NO. 46, followed by a lodge session during which 51 candidates were initiated by E.R. Frank C. Hoffman and his fellow officers.

Returning to Pennsylvania, Mr. Davis paid a visit on Oct. 4th to PHILIPSBURG LODGE NO. 1173, located in the vicinity of his own lodge in Williamsport, where he was greeted by E.R. James C. Crago and 350 members.

On Oct. 6th, the Grand Exalted Ruler began his New England trip with a stop at the home of MERIDEN, CONN., LODGE, NO. 35, where he was a guest at dinner, the final event of the annual Fall Con-

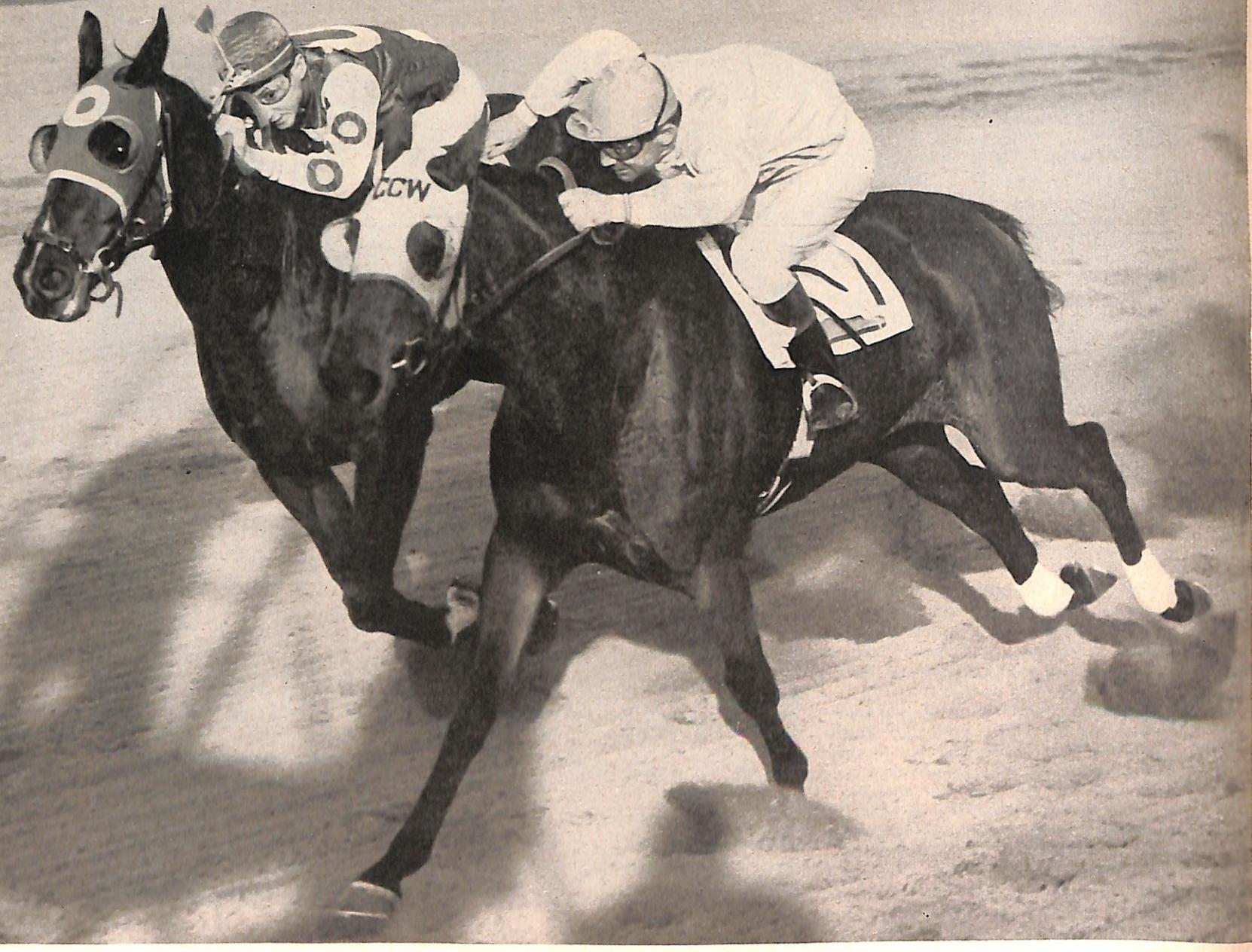
(Continued on page 56)



At the Meriden, Conn., dinner were, left to right: State Pres. Louis J. Olmstead, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Mr. Davis, E.R. William J. Cahill, Jr., Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, P.E.R. Charles N. Carroll, P.D.D., and Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committeeman Arthur J. Roy.



At the State House in Augusta, Me., the Grand Exalted Ruler chats with Gov. Frederick G. Payne, seated center, and Grand Est. Loyal Knight C. Dwight Stevens, seated left. Looking on are, left to right: P.E.R.'s A. P. Castonguay, Waterville; Robert Martin, Augusta; P.D.D. Jos. J. Cummings, Augusta; P.D.D. J. O. E. Noel, Jr., Waterville; State Pres. John McComb; James A. Bresnahan of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; Mass. State Pres. Wm. R. Burns; Chairman E. A. Spry of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee.



Ted Atkinson, right, and Doug Dodson pound down the stretch at Jamaica in a close finish.

WINNER'S CIRCLE

By JOHN HORN

Fast horses win races, but they need jockeys with skill, stamina, courage and a split-second sense of timing.

WHAT wins races? Jockey Ted Atkinson answered that one with a snort: "Fast horses, mister!"

"Let me tell you something about riding a horse," says Conn McCreary, one of the little jocks on the Big Apple. "It's a cinch, just like sitting in a rocking chair. Anybody can do it. He can if the horse wants to be ridden. It isn't anything to stay on one, if the horse hasn't any other notions."

"But when he decides he doesn't want you or doesn't like you any more, brother, off you go! That is, unless you're a cowboy and know how to ride those buckers—and I'm just a city kid who hopes for the best every time I climb aboard an animal."

The race, even a horse race, usually goes to the swiftest. But race horses must be controlled, guided and rated over a fixed distance arbitrarily set by human beings. That's the reason for jockeys. Nothing will help a poor horse, and a swift horse barely needs the monkey-like rider on his back. But where horses are

equal and jockeys are not, a good jockey can supply a difference of about three lengths, which is enough to win anybody's horse race.

Jockeys are the pilots, but the navigation is charted by trainers who know their horses better than the horses do themselves. A jockey hardly has the time to get acquainted with the animal he is to ride for about two minutes, and he has to follow the trainer's instructions on how to ride the race.

In the old days of spurs and long whips, Trainer Max Hirsch says, "A trainer would judge the honesty of a jockey by the amount of punishment he inflicted on a horse. I've seen horses come back to the barn bleeding from a dozen spur wounds and their bellies criss-crossed with whip welts. It was a general practice and was accepted as a matter of course."

WHEN Tod Sloan came out of the West at the turn of the century, Hirsch recalls, "He made all our riders look very ordinary. He didn't wear spurs and he didn't carry a whip. He just got on a horse and clucked to him. The horse was so surprised—and delighted, too, I imagine—that he wasn't being murdered, he simply flew around the track. Time after time, he'd take a horse that had been beaten the last time out from under a cruel ride and bring him home far ahead. This happened so often that spurs and whips soon became things of the past."

Winnie O'Connor, proclaimed by Clem McCarthy "the most versatile jockey that ever lived", once violated his trainer's instructions. John E. Madden was pointing his horse, Yankee, for the Futurity, and dropped him into a maiden race (for horses which had never won a race)—with the warning that Jockey O'Connor was not to use the whip. The horse looked so green going to the post that O'Connor asked one of the swipes in the infield to get him a stick of wood. One smack, and the horse was behaving smartly. Another smack at the post, and the horse almost ran away, winning pulled up.

Madden was furious. Not only had O'Connor disobeyed instructions, but Madden hadn't put a cent on Yankee and the odds were 50 to 1. Madden wouldn't talk to O'Connor, and vice versa. The jockey said he wouldn't ride Yankee in the Futurity for \$10,000. Before post time, Mr. Madden put \$10,000 into O'Connor's hands. The jockey reflected that he had been hasty. The result: Yankee raced the fastest Futurity ever run at Sheepshead Bay.

Eddie Arcaro learned his trade from a hard taskmaster, Trainer-Owner Clarence Davison. After each race, Davison would rip Eddie apart for his mistakes. If Eddie had been unable to hold his position going into the first turn, Davison would blast: "Why didn't you grab aholda one of them fast horses and let him carry you?" If Eddie reported "A jock was layin' on me comin' into the turn,"

(Continued on page 31)



Willie Shoemaker, who is making a sensational record this year. Last season Shoemaker was co-champion with Joe Culmore.

Wide World Photos

Eddie Arcaro displays a big grin as he leaves the scales after riding Hill Prince to victory in the 1950 Preakness at Pimlico. Arcaro also won this big race in 1948 on Citation and in 1941 on Whirlaway.

One of the hardest riding jockeys now in racing—Ted Atkinson, who always is trying. Here Atkinson is up on Cornish Knight, a well-known stake racer a few years ago.



News of the Lodges



Top winners and two officials in the Tacoma, Wash., Elks' gigantic Fifth Annual Salmon Derby, pictured with some of the catches. Left to right: Charles Courtwright, third-place; Est. Loyal Knight Burritt B. Anderson, second-place; Ernie Krenk, first-place; Derby Chairman "Sparks" Washburn and E.R. Harold Duncan. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson helped net his son's catch.



At the 40th Anniversary celebration of Leominster, Mass., Lodge were, seated left to right before lodge leaders and other dignitaries: P.E.R. S. T. Harvey, State Pres. William R. Burns, Charter Member Robert C. Lubin, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Charter Member John J. Keville, D.D. James F. Clarke and P.D.D.'s James A. Bresnahan, and Dr. I. W. Smith.

Tacoma, Wash., Elks 1951 Salmon Derby Has Record Turn-out

At the crack of dawn on Sept. 16th, 825 eager anglers from Tacoma Lodge No. 174 went to sea for the lodge's Fifth Annual Salmon Derby, 125 more than for any previous derby. The fish must have been warned, because only 142 were checked in. Ernie Krenk hooked his 22-pound, 6-ounce king salmon at nine a.m., and landed it three hours later. The stubborn catch brought him a handsome plywood boat. Burritt Anderson, the lodge's Est. Loyal Knight and the son of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, was second with a 20-pound, 8-ounce salmon and Charles Courtwright took third-place honors with a 19-pounder. Both men received outboard motors.

The deadline for the Derby was 11 a.m., when all 825 Izaak Waltons returned to the lodge home for a salmon feed and the distribution of the 45 prizes.

Leominster, Mass., Elks Observe 40th Anniversary

The 40th Anniversary of Leominster Lodge No. 1237 was marked by a reception and banquet in the lodge rooms, when nine Charter Members and two former Leominster E.R.'s, were on hand, P.D.D.'s Dr. I. W. Smith and William C. Thompson. Elks from Adams, Fitchburg, Gardner, Clinton, Hudson and Boston Lodges were present at the affair, for which Sydney T. Harvey, assisted by George H. Mackie, was Chairman.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, who participated in the lodge's institution ceremonies, was an honored guest, addressing the gathering of 150 persons. John J. Keville spoke on behalf of the Charter Members.

Oskaloosa, Ia., Elks Prominent in Unusual Patriotic Demonstration

One of the most thought-provoking observances of American Freedom Week took place in Iowa this year when the members of Oskaloosa Lodge No. 340 played important rôles in an ambitious and dramatic program. E.R. Frank K. Pierce was named Executive Chairman in charge of a committee of 212 persons representing

Right: Photographed during the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia Elks Assn. in Gainesville recently were, left to right: State Assn. President Owen B. Leverett, Mrs. John S. McClelland, E.R. John W. Jacobs, Mrs. Leverett and Past Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland.

Below: Shreveport, La., Lodge purchases U. S. Defense Bonds in the amount of \$13,000. Left to right, seated: E.R. Fred A. Nackley, Bank Vice-Pres. R. McL. Jeter, an Elk, and D.D. Charles B. Emery; standing: Committee Chairman Lewin N. Semon, Bond Drive Chairman Kirk Couch and State Pres. Miles J. Byrne.



Below: Mayor Carl E. Johnson and Secretary Jack H. Delveau of the Chamber of Commerce, author of the Oskaloosa, Iowa, American Freedom Week program, both Oskaloosa Elks, photographed with forces of the "High Command" who arrested the businessmen as part of the "It Can Happen Here" demonstration.

every fraternal and civic organization in the community. Another well-known Elk, Jack H. Delveau, the author of the memorable program, was Vice-Chairman.

As part of the three-day observance, the city was taken over by "Red" forces, and edicts were issued forbidding citizens the many liberties they enjoy as free Americans. Uncle Sam, in the person of Elk L. B. Perisho, assisted by members of the Armed Forces, the National Guard and Veterans' groups, restored order in a short time.

The county's churches held services during which outstanding speakers delivered sermons on the subject of America—in particular its religious freedom. Throughout the city merchandise displays recorded man-hour labor comparisons on the prices, and placards listed items we consider necessities but are luxuries in foreign countries. A mile-long parade featuring 57 floats, climaxed the demonstration and a huge fireworks display the final evening brought this worthwhile Democracy Appreciation program to a typical American close.



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

The Christmas Season approaches. It is the time when we know how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

This knowledge is borne in on us by the very fact of Christmas, with its eternal message of peace, good will and Brotherly Love.

It is this spirit of love, of giving of ourselves to others, that in reality binds together the more than a million men who are members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. We worship in different forms, but we bow to one God, who teaches us all alike that the way of life is love. That is our common faith.

Four million young Americans will not have the privilege of gathering around the family Christmas tree this year. Duty to country has called them from home. But we shall not forget them. Our gift, as Elks, will be from our veins as well as from the heart—life-giving blood, that will save many of them to return to us, when men cease from strife, and the Christmas spirit reigns everywhere the year around.

In that spirit, I wish for all a peaceful and a merry Christmas.

Howard R. Davies



THE NATIVITY . . . Gerard David

In this gentle and serene painting from the Bache Collection in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, the Flemish master David (1450-1523) described the Nativity as literally as he knew how, following mainly a book called "Meditations on the Life of Christ." David painted the only architecture and clothing he was familiar with, and therefore he painted a medieval scene. According to the story in the book, the ox and the ass knew the new-born Child would be cold in such scanty clothing and moved close so as to direct the breath of their nostrils on the Child to warm him. Through the window we can see the Annunciation to the shepherds as described in St. Luke.



ELKS

**NATIONAL
SERVICE
COMMISSION
ACTIVITIES**



Above is a scene photographed during one of the bingo parties held at the Swannanoa Division of the VA Hospital in Oteen, by the North Carolina Elks.



Left: Men from the Va Hospital in Columbia, So. Car., accompanied by hostesses, enjoy a boat ride during the annual fish fry at the Lake Murray cottage of William H. Harth, Chairman of the South Carolina Elks Veterans Hospital Committee.



Right: At the Coral Gables VA Hospital, during one of Miami, Fla., Lodge's regular programs, cigarettes were given to all patients, and 40 electric razors were distributed to those not allowed to use safety razors. Exalted Ruler Daniel G. Satin stands at right, with other Elk, Hospital staff members and entertainers, around the bed of E. J. McDermott, a World War II Air Force casualty.



Left: Guests and Army Band members from Camp Edwards who played during the ceremonies opening the Hyannis, Mass., Elks Fraternal Center. Speakers included Past State Pres. Elmer A. E. Richards, State Sen. Sumner G. Whittier and Chairman V. F. Adams, Barnstable Board of Selectmen.

Right: San Francisco, Calif., Lodge's Rehabilitation Committee regularly entertains some 500 veterans of the Korean conflict at Letterman General Hospital, where cigarettes are distributed by wives and daughters of Elks. Pictured are E.R. A. R. MacLeod and Chairman Frank Curley, kneeling second and fourth from left respectively, with some of the committee, ladies, entertainers and veterans.



Elks Rally to Blood Appeal

Secretary of Defense Lovett praises the Order's Program.

THE Elks Armed Forces Blood Campaign, greatest patriotic undertaking by the Order since World War II days, moved into high gear last month as lodges and State Associations set up organizations to produce a million pints of blood by July 1.

Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis' pledge that the Order would deliver a third of the national goal set by the Armed Forces won enthusiastic approval from Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett at a conference in his office in the Pentagon on October 26.

Pointing out that the shortage of blood and plasma was so great that men were being relieved from front line duty in Korea to donate their blood, Secretary Lovett said that he hoped that other organizations would emulate the example set by the Elks.

"I bring you the pledge of one million pints of blood from one million Elks by July 1, 1952," Mr. Davis told Secretary Lovett. "This is the promise—the sacred promise—that the Elks of America make to our Government."

Referring to the blood donations made by civilian volunteers of other nations for the benefit of our fighting men, Grand Exalted Ruler Davis declared: "This is a challenge to us as Elks, as Americans, a challenge we propose to meet. And we are not going to lose any time doing so."

Individual state quotas, based on Elk Membership, were announced by M. B. Chase, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, which is managing the Elks Armed Forces Blood Campaign. Individual lodge quotas can be determined by finding the percentage that the lodge's membership bears to the state membership and applying that percentage to the state's blood quota.

Chairman Chase emphasized the necessity of keeping accurate records of blood contributed through efforts of the Elks. He urged, also, that donors specify that their blood is given for the exclusive use of the Armed Forces.

David N. W. Grant, Director of the Red Cross National Blood Program, in a letter advising his Area Medical Directors of the Elks Armed Forces Blood Campaign, said: "Local chapters should be alert to the tremendous impetus which will be developed by the assumption of this responsibility by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

"Individual Elks lodges in a large number of communities have been supporting both the civilian and Armed



Defense Secretary Lovett and Grand Exalted Ruler Davis at Pentagon meeting.

Forces phases of the National Blood Program in the past. Where arrangements already exist through which local Elks lodges are participating in the civilian program, they will naturally be desirous of increasing their quota as a contribu-

tion to the Armed Forces program. In making plans for local cooperation, it will be necessary to provide for monthly reports to be given to the local lodge representative so that he can in turn make

(Continued on page 31)

A BROTHER'S APPEAL FROM KOREA

Dear Exalted Ruler:

My request is part of a one-man campaign to increase the amount of blood to keep our wounded men in Korea from dying. I'm calling on my Lodge to assist in making the blood drives more successful.

My duty assignment is that of a helicopter pilot in Det. No. 1 of the 3rd Air Rescue Squadron here in Korea. Our primary mission is that of saving lives. We fly wherever we are needed. We pick up shot-down pilots in enemy territory before they are captured by the Reds. We have stretchers on our aircraft and we get calls that men are wounded who need immediate surgery. Even in flight our medical technicians can give blood to a critically wounded soldier IF WE HAVE THE BLOOD TO GIVE.

What makes me so vehement is the fact that we are short of blood. We are even getting blood from Japanese civilians who donated it—ironical, isn't it? I'd rather see the AMERICANS DOUBLE THEIR EFFORTS before calling on foreigners to keep our men alive. Maybe the only repayment you or I will ever get from this is a "good feeling" similar to what I get when I feel a man's pulse strengthen after he received the blood he needs.

Counting on you,

Respectfully yours,
Captain Emerson Heller
Member 814, Pottstown, Pa.

News of the State Associations



These are the Boone, Iowa, Elk officials who won the title in the State Ritualistic Contest held in Des Moines at the State Convention. They are, left to right, second row: Esteemed Lecturing Knight R. E. Herron, Loyal Knight Clyde Reid, Inner Guard Maurice Wilson, Chaplain Dr. A. A. Grove, Esquire Harrold Flannery; foreground, Esteemed Leading Knight E. C. Schroeder and E.R. James Tait.

VERMONT

The 24th Annual Convention of the Vermont State Elks Assn. was held on Oct. 19th, 20th and 21st in Windsor, when it was decided that the 1952 meeting be held in Burlington. Heading the organization until that time are Pres., Bruno A. Beck, Burlington; 1st Vice-Pres., Peter Hall, Hartford; 2nd Vice-Pres., Archie Buttura, Barre; 3rd Vice-Pres., Dominic F. Flory, Rutland; Secy., Roger J. Sheridan, Montpelier; Treas., John W. Burke, Rutland; Tiler, Edward J. Morin, Burlington. Trustees until 1954 are Roy E. Blay, Rutland; Andrew H. Pecor, Burlington; Ronald Cheney, Hartford; James M. Tolaro, Bellows Falls.

Reports revealed that over \$11,000 was raised for the Thorpe Camp for Crippled Children at Goshen, the Assn.'s pet project. Brattleboro Lodge took the Ritualistic Contest over Springfield, Montpelier and Barre, and Montpelier Lodge's keglers won the Bowling title over Rutland. The Cribbage Contest was won by Bennington's entry over St. Johnsbury, and David I. Walsh of St. Albans captured the Golf Title with Montpelier Lodge taking the team championship over St. Albans. In the Membership Contest, which ran from March 31, 1950 to Sept. 1, 1951, Montpelier led again with a 15½ per cent gain. Windsor

Lodge rated second, and Springfield, third. The total gain for the State was 4½ per cent.

Past State Pres. of New York, John J. Sweeney, was the principal speaker at the Convention Banquet, which was followed by the annual ball. A mile-long parade and drill exhibition concluded the meeting.

CALIFORNIA

The 37th Annual Convention of the Calif. Elks Assn. took place in Santa Monica Sept. 26th through the 29th. The first event of the program was the Memorial Service, for which Past Pres. Robert J. Craine was Chairman and P.D.D. Bertrand Gearhart was principal speaker. The host lodge's Chorus provided a musical background.

Pres. Ben W. Osterman opened the business session on the 27th which was attended by two former leaders of the Order, Michael F. Shannon and L. A. Lewis, with the incumbent Grand Exalted Ruler, Howard R. Davis, who delivered a stirring address. Chairman M. B. Chase and Edwin J. Alexander of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, and R. Leonard Bush of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, all witnesses to the election of the following officers: Pres., John B. Morey, Palo Alto;

Vice-President: (So.) Dewey H. Smart, San Bernadino; (So. Cent.) Mac H. Pace, Whittier; (W. Cent.) William A. Nelson, San Luis Obispo; (E. Cent.) Myron H. Frew, Tulare; (Bay Dist.) Carl K. Schieck, San Rafael; (No.) Duard E. Geis, Willows; Trustees; (So. Cent.) J. A. McCain, Alhambra; (W. Cent.) Edwin L. Andersen, Santa Cruz; (Bay Dist.) Chas. Reynolds, Vallejo; Secy., Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; Treas., Floyd E. Tumbleson, Huntington Park; Chaplain, Rev. David Todd Gillmor, San Jose; Sgt.-at-Arms, Ted W. Nelson, Redlands; Tiler, Jim B. Nielson, Watsonville.

Calif. lodges revealed great progress during the year, with a trophy going to Napa Lodge for the largest per capita expenditure for charity—\$25.23; a trophy also went to Willows Lodge for the largest percentage gain in membership—58.3. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis presented a \$1,500 Elks National Foundation check for the Calif. educational program. This was followed by a special order of business, the reading of the splendid report of the Major Project Committee by Chairman Horace R. Wisely, relative to the Assn.'s cerebral palsy work.

In the Ritualistic Contest, Oakland Lodge took top honors, followed by Sonora and Salinas. The Billiard Contest was taken by Santa Barbara Lodge, with Santa Monica and San Mateo placing second and third. The greatest social event was the tremendous musical festival played to more than 3,500 of the 5,691 members and ladies registered, the 1952 Reunion for whom will take place in Monterey.

PENNSYLVANIA

The 45th Annual Convention of the Pa. Elks Assn. took place in Williamsport, the home of Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis who attended the sessions, as did Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, Henry C. Warner and George I. Hall. The conclave began Aug. 26th and closed on the 30th with a two-hour parade of 3,000 uniformed Elks and their bands.

At the business session on the 28th, Mr. Davis addressed the leaders of the 120 lodges in his State, who then elected the following officers: Pres., H. Earl Pitzer, Gettysburg; Vice-Pres., Harry Kleean, Oil City; Secy. (reelected), William S. Gould, Scranton; Treas. (re-elected), Charles S. Brown, Allegheny; Trustee, John McIntyre, Philadelphia.

The afternoon session that day featured the report of the State Assn. Student Aid Committee by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow. On the Convention platform were 35 young men and women who had received scholarship grants from the Elks National Foundation, the State Assn., District Associations and individual lodges of the State.

The Annual Memorial Services, held on the morning of the 29th, were most

impressive, with the theme the four cardinal principles of the Order. The National Championship Glee Club, the Hanover, Pa., Male Chorus, and the Williamsport Elks Brass quartet furnished a fine musical background for the program which was written, directed and produced by Past Grand Tiler John L. McIntyre, P.E.R. of Philadelphia Lodge. P.D.D. Richard White, was narrator, and the stage setting was supervised by Est. Lect. Knight Joseph Doyle of Philadelphia.

The ladies attending the Convention were entertained by the Ladies Auxiliary of the host lodge, and the entire assemblage enjoyed the annual outdoor picnic.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

John J. Horan of Manchester was elected Pres. of the New Hampshire Elks Assn. at Manchester Oct. 5th, 6th and 7th. Serving with him will be Maurice A. Jacques, Laconia, Edward Govangeli, Keene, and Timothy D. Flynn, Dover, as Vice-Presidents.

A reception committee of Past State Presidents and P.D.D.'s welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis to the conclave on the 7th, when the Convention banquet was held with Mr. Davis as the principal speaker. On hand were Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, Grand Est. Loyal Knight C. Dwight Stevens, James A. Bresnahan of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Edward A. Spry of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, John E. Fenton of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, Mass. State Pres. William R. Burns, Vt. State Pres. Ralph Miller and D. D. Leigh M. Wentworth.

The several hundred Elks and their wives on hand for the meeting enjoyed the many social activities arranged by E.R. Maurice J. Savage of the host lodge and his committee. Events included open house, a lobster supper and a Convention Ball. The Memorial Services, in which delegates from all 12 N. H. lodges participated, were most impressive, with the eulogy delivered by P.E.R. Karl E. Dowd of Nashua and P.E.R. Andrew A. McCarthy of Lowell, Mass., as soloist.

TENNESSEE

The greatest Convention in the history of the Tenn. Elks Assn. took place in Nashville, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th, with over 600 delegates registered. Among the distinguished guests were Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, former Chairman Hugh W. Hicks of the Board of Grand Trustees, U. S. Congressman Albert Gore, and several current and former District Deputies and Past State Presidents. Important addresses were delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Judge McClelland and Past Pres. E. J. Nunn.

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The gavel of leadership in the New Hampshire State Elks Association passes from retiring Pres. Francis E. Hart, left to incoming Pres. John J. Horan, right. Looking on, left to right: Vice-Presidents, T. D. Flynn, M. A. Jacques, Edward Govangeli.



Presenting Elks National Foundation scholarship awards at the Virginia Elks Assn. Convention are, left to right: Pres. John H. Simmons, John L. Walker of the Grand Forum, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, student Myrtle Sue Snyder and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett.



In San Fernando Lodge's Hospitality Room during the Calif. State Convention were, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, host E.R. Ronald Bringman, D.D. Frank Lorenzi, Los Angeles P.E.R. Vern R. Huck and Grand Exalted Ruler Davis.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



Newton, Mass., Lodge presents two television sets to the local Infirmary. Pictured are Mayor Lockwood, members of the Board of Public Welfare and E.R. Leonard E. Francoeur and Newton Elk committeemen, above.



Above: D.D. William V. Evans, with candidates of Irvington, N. J., Lodge and the Orientation Committeemen who indoctrinate all new Elks on the history and purpose of Elkdom.

Left: Officers of Massena, N. Y., Lodge with the class they initiated in honor of the official visit of District Deputy R. Roger Orr of Malone.



This baseball team, sponsored by New Haven, Conn., Lodge, won the 1951 Championship in the Eddie Sheehan New Haven Little League.



The Beaver Falls, Pa., Elks' 1951 Midget Baseball Team, with Mgr. A. F. Fibio and E.R. L. R. Douglass, standing second and fourth from left.

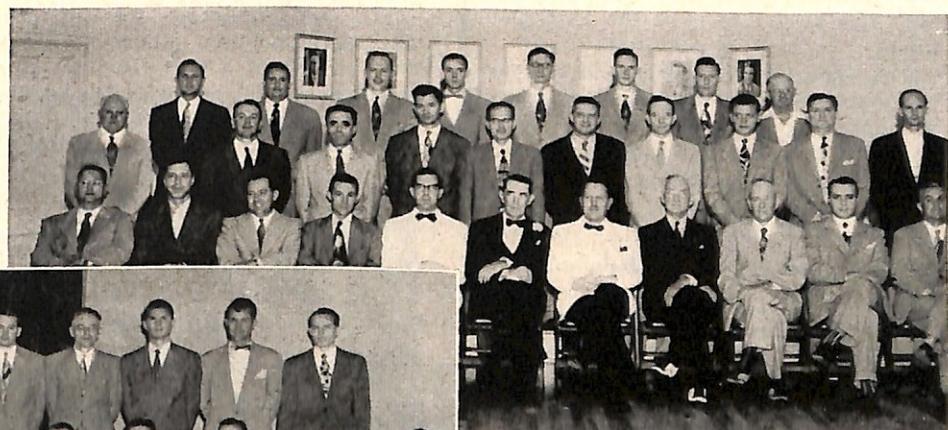


The Junior High School Baseball Team, sponsored by Delray Beach, Fla., Elks. Coached by Carl Walker, standing left, managed by S. G. Roddick, right, the boys lost only two contests; Dick Moody pitched a no-hit game.



The Huntington, N. Y., Elks' Softball Team and the All-Star Team, composed of such notables as Jake La Motta, Steve Bellois, Walt Cartier, radio's Jack Smith, who put on a game for St. Albans VA patients.

Right: This class was initiated into Gainesville, Ga., Lodge recently in honor of P.E.R. Jesse D. Jewell, Past President of the Georgia Elks Assn.



Harrington Studio

Left: The officers of Logansport, Ind., Lodge with the 20 candidates they initiated in honor of D.D. Clarence F. Herber, seated fourth from left with E.R. E. W. Boatman on his left.



Right: E.R. Jerome F. Needham presents a basal metabolism machine and electro-cardiograph to Supt. Edgar Alexander of the new Memorial Hospital, bringing Corry, Pa., Lodge's gift total for the Hospital to \$15,000 for the past four years. Left to right: Est. Lect. Knight William Johnson, Jr., Trustee J. P. Sullivan, E.R. Needham, Mr. Alexander, Trustee James W. Carrig, P.E.R., Est. Loyal Knight Stewart A. Long and Est. Leading Knight Alfred M. Morrisson.

ROD & GUN

BY DAN HOLLAND

Dan Holland has even shot a hen turkey and gotten away with it.

IT'S NOT everyone who can shoot a hen turkey and get away with it—that is, in a state where there's a gobbler law, where shooting a hen is not only illegal but a direct course to social ostracism. In Alabama, the state in question, the slaying of a hen turkey during the gobbler season is considered by some an offense far more grave than shooting a tax collector, or a second cousin, or a deputy sheriff. However, I hold the distinction of having shot one dead—a hen turkey, that is—and of having been permitted to leave town peaceably—even, it seems, with the good wishes of the local populace.

For some time I have considered myself a rather good turkey hunter. I have still-hunted them in the hills of Virginia, floated dark rivers searching for them in the swamps of North Carolina, stalked them craftily through the live-oak branches and along the piney ridges of South Carolina, and waited for them

while blinded behind the branches of a fallen tree in a likely forest glade deep in Alabama. However, for some reason not clear to me, I have never been a turkey shooter. In spite of my vast skill and experience as a hunter of wild turkeys, I've never shot one of the things—until this event, at least. Something has always contrived against me: I've slapped a mosquito at the wrong moment; I've sneezed when I shouldn't have; I've tried to use a turkey call when, apparently, the gobbler didn't care to hear a turkey call; I've tripped over a root and made a crash landing in a pile of dead branches, something which tends to startle turkeys of a nervous disposition. Once even, when I flushed a big gobbler out of an oak thicket in Virginia some years ago, it was the gun which was at fault. It didn't happen to be pointing the right place when I pulled the trigger. There's a lot of luck in turkey hunting.

Occasionally, however, skill is the sole

determining factor, as in the case of my recent Alabama hunt. As a result of that excursion, I am not only a turkey hunter of parts, I am now also a turkey shooter, a rare combination indeed.

For those who would know more of this sport—the intricate art of turkey hunting as passed down to us from our Pilgrim forefathers—in the following I divulge certain of the secrets of my success. It required a mere thirteen years for me to bring in my first wild turkey, the hen; so what I have to say should be well worth listening to.

In the first place, it is necessary to arise each morning at 3 a.m., drive around awhile to find a cafe open at that time of night, spend an hour and a half trying to get the cook sufficiently wide awake to serve up some bacon and eggs and coffee, and finally head for the woods to arrive at the turkey stand just a little bit too late. [The cook at the particular place where we attempted to eat was a young colored man named "T.Y." During the last war he was a Steward's Mate attached to a ship scheduled to sail for Europe, but T.Y., not watching where he was going, boarded another vessel bound for Japanese waters. He was listed as missing for two years before he was located busily opening cans of spam somewhere out on the broad blue Pacific. Apparently he is still in a state of exhaustion from the experience.]

The reason for arising at 3 a.m. is that ritual says so, and what ritual says goes. Ritual has a profound influence on turkey hunting. We got up at this hour four mornings running and our party got a total of three fine turkeys in that time, so this is a point well worth noting. Oddly enough, all three of these turkeys were shot near midday, between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., but this would never happen again—not to the same turkeys anyway.

The next point in turkey hunting is, once in the woods, to learn to sit as motionless and silent as a statue. No matter how cold it may be, don't shiver. A wise old turkey can feel the quake of a shiver rods away. Breathe inconspicuously—if you must breathe—and never, never, blink your eyes. Get numb or even fall asleep, but it's best not to pass out cold. A turkey can spot a dead man like an undertaker. When the sun finally comes up and melts the ice particles in your veins, no matter what your impulse, don't sing. If you must whistle, try to make it sound like a redbird or mockingbird. If a mosquito bites you, if a tick crawls

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Dan Holland with his 18-pound gobbler—about as big as they grow.

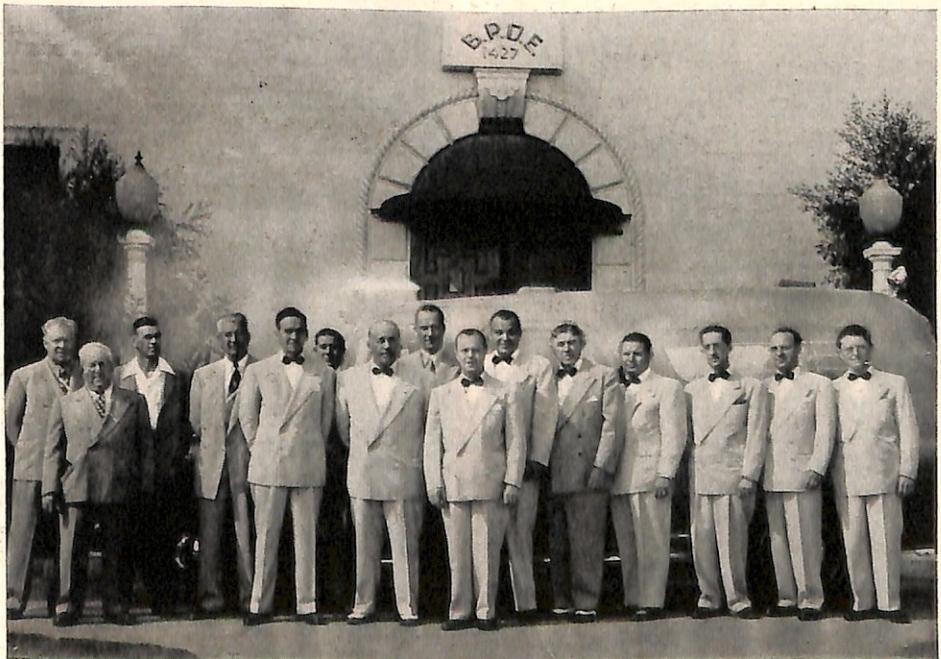




Harry Lynch and Est. Lect. Cecil E. Taylor of Woodward, Okla., Lodge in charge of the Main Street bull pen incarcerated Elks Rodeo regalia violator, Carl M. Bogdahn, for "failure to display some kind of garb to publicize the 21st annual Woodward Elks Rodeo", the most successful in its history. "Prisoners" are R. H. Leslie, Clark Lawrence, Jr., George Leasor, Cecil Campbell.



The officers of Littleton, N. H., Lodge receive their Charter from Past District Deputy O. Maurice Oleson. Left to right: Esq. H. P. LaMere, Treas. Nicholas Perkins, Trustee Ernest Johnson, E.R. Guy A. Rich, Mr. Oleson, Lead. Knight A. J. Corey, Secy. G. H. Houle and Chaplain R. P. Whiting.



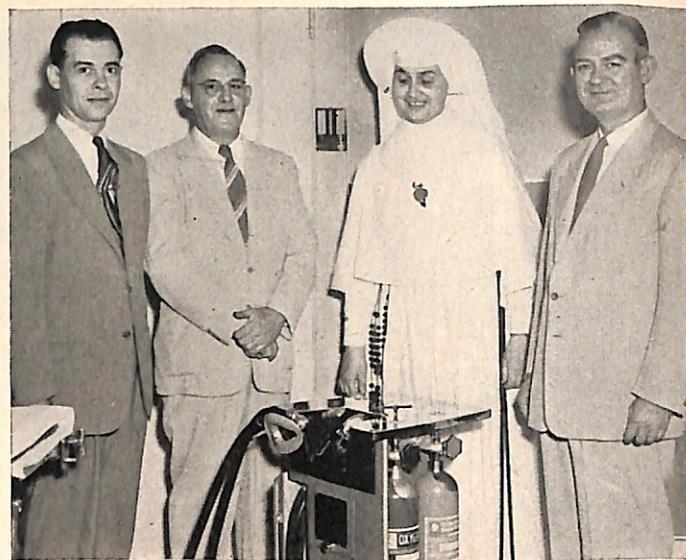
As a climax to a successful fund-raising campaign, spearheaded by their own \$500 contribution, Elks of Monrovia, California, led by E.R. Robert R. Johnson, participated in the presentation of a vitally-needed, fully-equipped ambulance to the city. Mayor McNamee accepted the gift.

LODGE NOTES

First of all, we wish to take this opportunity to make two corrections and apologies for the errors. The first concerns a caption for a photograph in our November issue, in which we erroneously credited Miami, Ariz., Lodge instead of MIAMI, OKLA., Lodge in aiding the flood victims in the area. In the photo were P.D.D. John W. Coons, Secy. of the lodge, Hal Weigal and Flood Relief Committee Chairman DeWitt Wilson, all good Elks and true from Miami, Okla. . . . The other error was the wrong adjective used in a caption for a MANILA, P. I., Lodge photo. We said Manila was the only lodge not in the "continental" United States. We should have said "territorial" United States; the Philippine Islands received independence as a Republic in 1946 . . . Our next "Notes" concern a few newsworthy members: Rhode Island's new D.D., Anthony F. Lawrence of WOONSOCKET, was honored at a dinner by over 500 persons who paid tribute to his unceasing efforts for the Order. Among the speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, John E. Mullen of the Grand Forum, Vice-Chairman Thomas J. Brady of the Board of Grand Trustees, John E. Fenton of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, James A. Bresnahan of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Edward A. Spry of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, Mass. State Pres. William R. Burns, and many other Elk and civic officials . . . At a recent conclave, Roy Yerby, P.E.R. of Alexandria, La., Lodge and former Pres. of the LOUISIANA ELKS ASSN., was chosen as a representative of the Assn. to serve as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Southern Eye-Bank in New Orleans, which the Assn. recently went on record to sponsor . . . Not long ago, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, Lodge paid tribute to two active Charter Members, Harry Walburg and Charles Niederlander, Elks for 58 years, by the initiation of a class of 47 candidates . . . In our November issue we reported on a recent record-making Blood Bank sponsored by SAN JOSE, CALIF., Lodge. Since that writing, we have learned that the local Red Cross Chapter presented a Certificate of Appreciation to the lodge for its outstanding aid.



Price, Utah, Lodge's Community Welfare Committee presents a refrigerator for storing temperature-regulated medicines to the City-County Hospital. Left to right: Committeemen Gomer Peacock and Fred Kilfoyle, Hospital Supt. Melvin Engstrom, Supt. of Nurses Mrs. Don Moffitt.



Cairo, Ill., Lodge presents a resuscitator to St. Mary's Hospital. Left to right in the photograph are: Est. Lead. Knight Leonard R. Brown, Chairman of the committee which purchased the life-saving device; E.R. Elmo Sebastian, Sister Superior Helen Frances and D.D. George P. Langan.



At the very successful inauguration of the unique "Elks Magazine Educational Program" at Provo, Utah, Lodge, the originator of the idea, P.D.D. Seth Billings, center, was photographed with Provo E. R. Russell Stringham, on his left and D. D. William N. Whittaker on his right.

Provo, Utah, Lodge's "Know Your Magazine" Program a Sell-Out

One of the most unusual and successful interest-stimulation programs we have heard of in many months comes from Provo Lodge No. 849, where P.D.D. Seth Billings, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, thought up, and put into immediate operation, a program for the education of the Elk public on the Order, through the Order's official publication.

The plan entailed the devotion of one meeting night a month to a quiz contest for the members on the contents of the current issue of *The Elks Magazine*. The officer in charge is selected from the P.E.R.'s, who are well-versed in the meaning and purposes of the Order and the Magazine. Naturally, he must be familiar with the contents of each edition and may select the four or five questions. He is given 15 minutes of the lodge session for the program—ten minutes for a review of the issue, and five minutes for the quiz. The questions are limited to the best articles and stories of each edition, and to fraternal subjects which would be of the greatest interest to the contestants. Prizes are awarded to win-

ners, and the list of questions, with the correct answers and the winners' names are posted on the lodge bulletin board.

The results of Provo's first few programs were eminently satisfactory and rewarding. Publicized through the lodge's fine bulletin, the program attracted many more members to the lodge session than had been previously the case, and it gave the membership the opportunity to learn more about the functions of the Fraternity, covered in each issue of the Magazine. By accomplishing these two ends, the members are learning the value of their affiliation with the Order in a much broader sense.

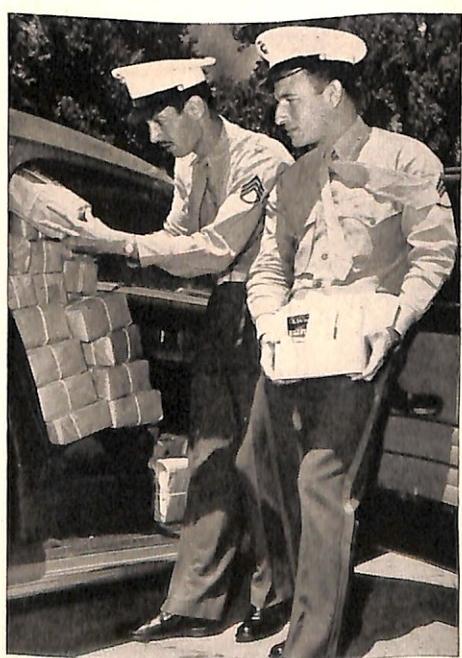
It is suggested that the officers of any lodge adopting this program refrain from participation as contestants, since it is their duty as officers to read, and know, the Magazine. However, they should take an active part in helping to run the quiz.

Sanford, Me., Elks Little Leaguers Take Championship

The local Little League Championship was captured by the team sponsored by Sanford Lodge No. 1470 over the Sanford Tribune nine in two final games. The undefeated Elk players had won 12 games, and tied two with the Tribune players.



Lebanon, Ore., Lodge's \$5,000 check for the New Lebanon Community Hospital is presented to Hospital Board of Directors Pres. John Nylund by E.R. R. E. Heimerdinger. Others pictured are Est. Lect. Knight Regis H. Foss, P.E.R. William H. Warden, Est. Leading Knight R. L. Ragsdale.



"Operation Elks" at Fresno, Calif., Lodge finds Elk T/Sgt. James Gillette, left and T/Sgt. J. H. Brinkley, Marines on recruiting duty, loading gift packages for servicemen overseas. Under the joint chairmanship of Rev. Fr. P. J. Redmond and Major L. C. Follett over 3,000 packages have been shipped during the past nine months.

Below: The Sanford, Maine, Lodge's Little League Baseball Team which, coached by Danny Alvino, standing right, won the League Championship for 1951. Seated third from left is Teddy Gardner who received the year's Most Valuable Player Award at the Elks Little League Banquet.



The final Sunday of the season was named "Danny Alvino Day" in honor of the Little League director and Inner Guard of Sanford Lodge. Under his direction, teams sponsored by the Kiwanis, Rotary, *Tribune* and the Elks formed the Little League and played a full schedule.

Sanford Lodge honored the 48 boys of the League at a post-season banquet at the lodge home, when the Dugout Trophy was presented to E.R. Roscoe K. Berry by League Pres. Walter Hanscom.

Hempstead, N. Y., Elks Hold Anti-Narcotics Forum

The Federal Narcotics Bureau favors the death penalty for convicted drug peddlers, it was revealed by the Agency's N. Y. Supervisor, James C. Ryan, at a forum on "Narcotics and Your Children", sponsored by Hempstead Lodge No. 1485. Among the other suggestions made by the speakers, who included Judge Troy of Special Sessions, and Bertha Schwartz, responsible for New York City anti-drug legislation, were the creation of a UN opium board to curb illegal use of the drug, and segregation of drug addicts.

The audience of over 1,000 persons included hundreds of Nassau County parents, representatives of civic, fraternal and church groups, and members of the clergy. An exhibit of marijuana plants, a complete set of heroin and hypodermic needles, etc., were used to illustrate the various addresses. The March of Time film, "Narcotics and Teen-Agers", based on research gleaned by *N. Y. World-Telegram and Sun* staff writer Edward Mowery, was shown, with Mr. Mowery delivering a special address on the control of the cultivation of the various drugs.

The forum, arranged by a committee headed by Seymour J. Schlesinger, received wide publicity and fine praise; it spearheaded the Anti-Narcotics Program of Dist. Atty. Frank A. Gulotta, P.E.R. of Lynbrook, and Judge James N. Gehrig of Children's Court, a Hempstead Elk.



Above: Examining a narcotics exhibit at a forum held by Hempstead, N. Y. Lodge in the interests of the teen-age narcotic problem are, left to right: D.D. Bruno P. Ingwertsen; Judge G. B. Serenbetz, P.E.R.; E.R. John H. Wichmann; Nassau Dist. Atty. Frank A. Gulotta, P.E.R., Lynbrook; Youth Activities Committee Chairman S. J. Schlesinger, Children's Court Judge James N. Gehrig, Mayor Ernest Ashdown and Police Chief Feeley.



Here is the Past Exalted Rulers Class initiated into San Juan, P. R., Lodge. Among the thirty candidates were former Gov. J. T. Piñero and Chief of Insular Police, Col. Salvador T. Roig.



Part of the crowd of over eight hundred Elks and their families who attended Miami, Fla., Lodge's picnic on the beautiful Brickell Point property on Biscayne Bay, to be the site of the lodge's home.



Brayton Norton, Jr., National Pentathlon Champion, honored guest of Laguna Beach, Calif., Lodge, receives award from E.R. C. I. Kegeris, as his parents and wife, and sports and Elk luminaries look on.



Officers of Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge are pictured with visitors and the class of eleven men they initiated in honor of Charles E. Prescott, Sr., one of the oldest surviving members of the lodge.



A view of the 2nd Annual Carnival staged by the Norwich, Conn., Lodge which brought a full day of happy excitement to more than 2,000 patients at the Norwich State Hospital for the mentally ill.

Southampton, N. Y., Elks Entertain Crippled Children

Once again, the members of Southampton Lodge No. 1574 were generous hosts to 40 boys and girls from the N. Y. Hospital for Special Surgery at a special party. Escorted to the lodge home by State Troopers and Town Police, the children arrived to find the lodge room gaily decorated and tables ready for a delicious luncheon. Occupying the most prominent position was "Moses", the children's own giant Teddy Bear.

During their turkey dinner, the children were busy inspecting the huge assortment of toys arranged at a side table, and before the party had ended, each child had a toy of his, or her, selection, plus a dressed doll for each girl and a bazooka gun for each boy.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan was an honored guest and an entertaining speaker, introduced by E.R. Patrick A. Erwin. Mrs. L. D. Bland was in charge of the party and Jonathan Eldredge acted as MC.

Charles E. Prescott, Sr., of Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge Honored

On hand to participate in paying tribute to Charles E. Prescott, Sr., one of the oldest surviving Charter Members of Havre de Grace Lodge No. 1564 were D.D. James C. Latham and P.D.D.'s R. Edward Dove, Secy. of the Md., Dela. and D. C. Assn., and A. Guy Miller, Chairman of the Association's Ritualistic Committee. After a short address by Mr. Latham, the crowd was served refreshments by the ladies of the lodge.

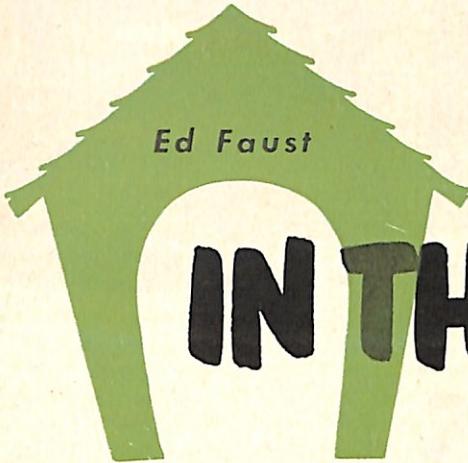
Guests from Annapolis and Easton, Md., Lodges were present, as were several Pennsylvania Elks, including P.E.R. Marvin A. Swagert of Red Lion Lodge.

Norwich, Conn., Elks Repeat Carnival for State Hospital Patients

More than 2,000 patients at the State Hospital enjoyed the generosity of Norwich Lodge No. 430 at its second Annual Carnival on the hospital grounds.

An all-day affair, the program featured 23 booths offering a variety of entertainment and refreshments, closing with a big stage show imported from Boston. One of the most popular features of the day was the bingo booth which accommodated 75 players to whom punch and popcorn were served. Prizes here, and at other game booths, were both plentiful and appealing. Adding to the carnival atmosphere were Tommy Adler and his Band and Earl Whitehead and his clowns.

Dr. Ronald H. Kettle, a member of the lodge and Superintendent of the Hospital, was Honorary Chairman of the hard-working Committee, of which E.R. James J. Kane, Sr., was Chairman, assisted by Co-Chairmen Est. Lead. Knight Louis A. Pingalore and P.E.R. Aubrey H. Brown. About 50 members of the lodge worked at the hospital the entire day to make the affair the great success it was.



Patience and understanding are called for when you want to change your dog's personality traits.

IN THE DOGHOUSE

I DON'T know who first realized that you get out of life only what you put into it, but I suspect it was one of my early ancestors—Adam, perhaps. At any rate, this much I'm sure of—the satisfaction you get from your dog depends entirely on how much time and care and interest you give him. Although there is a wider understanding of this today than there was some years ago, there are those who coast along on the assumption that it's up to the dog to understand its owner. They are so wrong. I've met owners who never knew they'd failed to get the best their dogs had to give them because they did not realize that if they'd given their pets even half the attention the dogs gave them, they would have discovered new areas of intelligence in their pets, and thus more firmly cement the relationship between them.

Like people, dogs differ tremendously in personality. The observant owner will note little tricks of behavior, subtle marks of personality that distinguish his dog from all others. What dog owner hasn't been blessed with a dog of affectionate nature? Such a dog will follow its owner wherever he goes and, more often than not, will be a vigilant guardian of its master and its master's property. Affection to this degree can be developed in nearly all dogs; it requires only understanding and encouragement on the part of the owner.

Occasionally, a dog's affection can grow to the point where jealousy sets in, and the jealous dog can be dangerous, especially if it is directed toward any of the small fry of the owner's family, which frequently happens. This sort of dog, lovable as it may be, should be reasonably and firmly disciplined.

A definite personality-pup is the show-off. I've owned one who projected himself into the party without the slightest encouragement whenever we had visitors. He'd get a favorite toy, nudge his way into the group, beg to be played with and, if permitted, would dominate the scene to get the attention his doggy ego demanded. He was right cute, but if he'd had his way, his behavior would have kicked holes in that love-me-love-my-dog

axiom. A distant relative of this type is the noisy pooch, the fellow who will sound off for no reason other than to get attention. If kept outdoors for any length of time, a dog of this sort can create a lot of ill-will for his boss. He requires plenty of understanding and, now and then, a whack on the caboose when he goes too far. The intelligent owner will try to find the reason for the dog's behavior—there usually is a reason.

Another type is the canine hobo—not the pitiful, homeless waif that really has no home, but the chronic tramp who'll forsake his own pork chops for the call of adventure. He's another troublemaker for his owner: he's the fly in the tidy gardener's coffee; he's the fellow who digs holes in favorite flower beds; he's the trash-can raider who scatters its contents all over the lot; he's a highway menace and has often brought grief to

drivers who, in trying to avoid hitting him, succeeded in wrecking their cars, often injuring themselves and others. In your writer's opinion, the owner of that kind of dog should be held legally responsible if and when it can be proved that his dog was the direct cause of the accident. This doesn't go for the dog that occasionally escapes its owner's control, but for the dog whose owner habitually allows his pup to run free. With proper attention and training any dog can be taught to stay on its own grounds. As a matter of fact, a neighbor to the rear of my home has taught her dog to venture no farther than the easily-jumped fence surrounding her property.

We've all seen or known a nervous dog, the kind that is always shy. This pooch requires special understanding and attention. Sometimes the nervousness is

(Continued on page 34)

Photo by Ylla



Portraits of dogdom's favorite—the wistful cocker spaniel.



For ELKS who TRAVEL

**Our travel writer takes a busman's
holiday in the City of Light—Paris.**

BY HORACE SUTTON

FYOUR favorite travel agent doesn't know Europe inside and out next time you consult him, it's a cinch he didn't attend the 1951 convention of the American Society of Travel Agents. Over 1,500 travel and transportation leaders have come together here from over 42 countries to talk travel and see the sights. Fifty-five different excursions both before and after the meetings here in Paris have been scheduled to take the delegates, at nominal fees, to virtually every country still considered friendly.

But the great show is being given by the City of Paris and the French government who are pulling all the stops to give the agents and the allied travel people who are here a gay whirl of a week—in between the business sessions, of course. Things got off to an impressive start when the city called out its glittering Garde Républicaine for the inaugural meet which was held in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. In shining copper helmets, red and blue uniforms and breeches, they lined the main stairway and crossed swords over the head of U. S. Ambassador

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Philip D. Gendreau Photo



Looking north past the obelisk on the Place de la Concorde after a rain.



David Bruce, who came to address the opening session.

Bruce sounded a keynote of international freedom and cooperation which has been heard again and again during the ensuing meetings. Recognizing the annoyances and frustrations of travelers who try to cross borders, he envisioned a new plan that would bring to the world the greatest relaxation from national restrictions ever known. "The plan is designed to bring together under supra-national control the steel, iron and coal industries in that complex area that revolves about Germany. There will be no customs barriers. There will be a free interchange of products, a surrender of sovereignty so that sitting above the national interests of nations will be a group of men charged with the duty not only of reconciling the interest of national participation but of over-ruling any particular privilege in the common interest."

In the same vein, A. L. Simmons, ASTA's president, called for the adoption of a single-card plan that would admit the American visitor to all the countries of Western Europe. The tourist would clear customs at his port of entry, receive his card which would be his automatic pass through all the borders of the participating nations. "Freedom of travel is synonymous with free institutions. It is highly significant that not a single representative from behind the Iron Curtain is taking part in our Paris meeting," Simmons said.

PARIS IN THE FALL

To relieve these weighty business sessions Paris has organized an integrated program of pleasure that is giving the travel agent an opportunity to see Paris the way the first-time tourist would see it. There has been a sightseeing trip all over Paris which is bathed these days in a pale autumn light. The trees along the banks of the Seine are turning, the leaves are piling up under foot along the Champs Elysées, and there is the bite of winter in the air.

Sunday, the day before the meetings opened, found a great company of early arrivals taking in the race at Longchamps. One comes to the races here mainly to see the show, and the best day for the show is Sunday when Paris ladies are inclined to give their most chic clothes an outdoor airing. The joy of the Paris racetracks is that most are located in the

nearby Bois de Boulogne, rather like having the New York tracks located in Central Park. You can bet as little as 100 francs—about 25 cents—in case you want to keep your hand in. Between races the crowd filters out to a broad pebbled area to watch the odds, the big puffy horse owners in their black bermudas, and indeed, each other.

BEWARE OF THE CABBIERS

A cab out to Longchamps costs less than a dollar from the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe. If one takes the tenor of the country from the current attitude of the Paris cabbies, there would appear to be a bit of dissatisfaction, not to mention inflation, in the air. Last time I was here, nine months ago, the drivers were willing to charge you just what the meter read. I regret to report that they are back to their old ornery days of the immediate post-war period, arguing for extras, disregarding the meter rate and calling into play the old bag of tricks reserved for the tourist. In any event the traveler will be better off in a metered cab than in one of the limousine taxis that line up in front of the likely tourist places and bear a sign marked "libre" which means *free*. The *libre* cabs charge a flat rate according to their own consciences which are extremely elastic, and more than one travel expert has discovered that *libre* doesn't mean *free* at all.

The entire kit and caboodle of travel agents was trundled out on a tour of Paris by Night, the other evening. The tour, a traditional one sold by the Paris travel bureaus, includes a ride about town and a visit to a few clubs with a swig of champagne at each, and, of course, a glance at the show. It took a vast fleet of some 30 buses to transport the entire convention. They lined up in front of the entrance to the Tuilleries at the edge of the

(Continued on page 47)

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to Elks Magazine readers. Just write to the Travel Department, Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Please print name and address. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require, but kindly allow two weeks for us to gather the information. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.

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Left: Easton, Pa., Lodge's Midget Baseball Team with, top row, left to right: Coach D. Jarrell and Youth Activities Committeemen R. A. Huggan, Trustee; Treas. Matthew Prang; Trustee C. H. Skinner and P.E.R. B. F. Everitt.

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis and all other Williamsport, Pa., Elks are proud of their fine baseball team which won the East End Intermediate Baseball League Championship. Pictured with the boys are Police Lt. Harold T. Gair, left rear, League Pres. and member of the lodge, and P.D.D. R. Eugene Foresman, P.E.R., and Treas. of the lodge and League, right, rear.



Left: Officers of McCook, Neb., Lodge present a \$1,254 Monaghan Respirator to the city Fire Dept. Left to right: Secy. E. E. Norman, E.R. Thomas F. Colfer, Fire Chief Fred Walker and Treas. Clyde Alstot. The machine can care for two patients at once, can be operated from an ordinary light socket, its own storage battery, from two car batteries or by hand. It is available to persons in most of twelve counties.

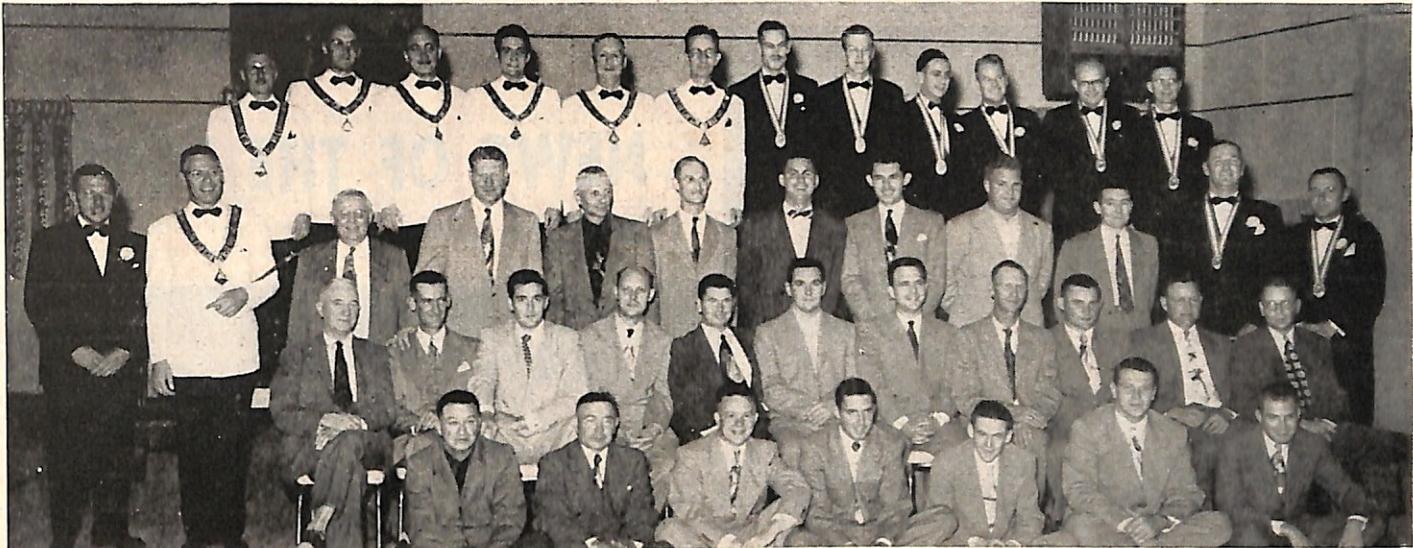
NEWS OF THE LODGES



E.R. John D. Laws of Columbus, Miss., Lodge presents a \$300 Elks National Foundation scholarship award to Gwen Michael who also received the \$300 scholarship awarded by the Elks of Mississippi.



Est. Lect. Knight R. L. Fontaine presents a cup to the Children's Costume Contest winners at Newport, R. I., Lodge's Annual Bazaar which netted \$842 for the city's Youth Community Center.

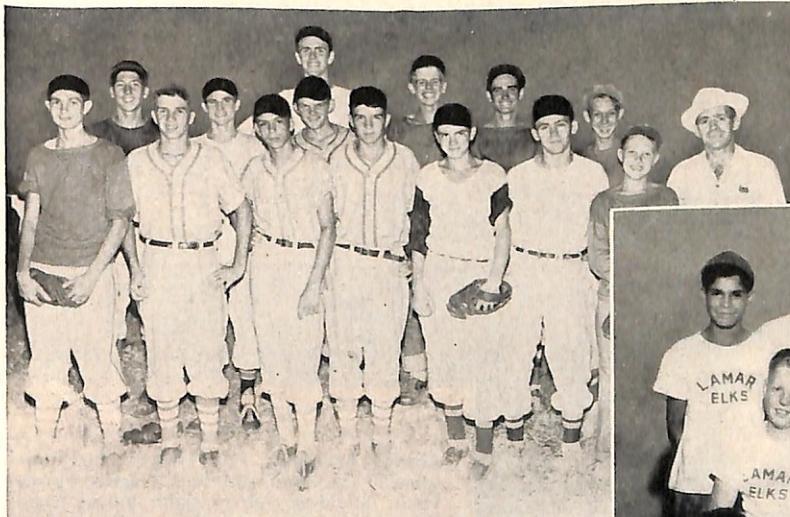


The two-year National Ritualistic Champions of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, in white jackets, with the officers of Scottsbluff, Neb., Lodge, in black

tuxedo jackets, and the class of twenty-one candidates the visitors initiated for Scottsbluff Lodge, and the four Torrington, Wyo., initiates.



Officers of the newly-instituted Cascade, Ga., Lodge, left to right: E.R. Charlie H. Whitehead, Est. Lead. Knight George W. McIntosh, Est. Loyal Knight D. W. Tidwell and Est. Lect. Knight C. R. Weaver, who were installed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland.



Above: For two years East Point, Ga., Lodge has sponsored a boys' baseball team which won the pennant in its league for both years. The first year, for boys under 15; this year, for boys under 18. They are pictured here with their manager, Rev. Bill Allison, standing at right.



Right: Here is Lamar, Colo., Lodge's Midget Softball Team, State Champions for the third consecutive year.

Above: At La Crosse, Wis., Lodge's celebration for 20-year members, at which Red Wing, Minn., Lodge's quartet sang, were, left to right: 41-year member Emil Niemeyer, M.C.; 50-year Elk Dr. J. E. Heraty, 45-year member P.E.R. L. B. Raymond, 51-year Elk F. C. Aiken and host Exalted Ruler H. K. Holley, Jr.

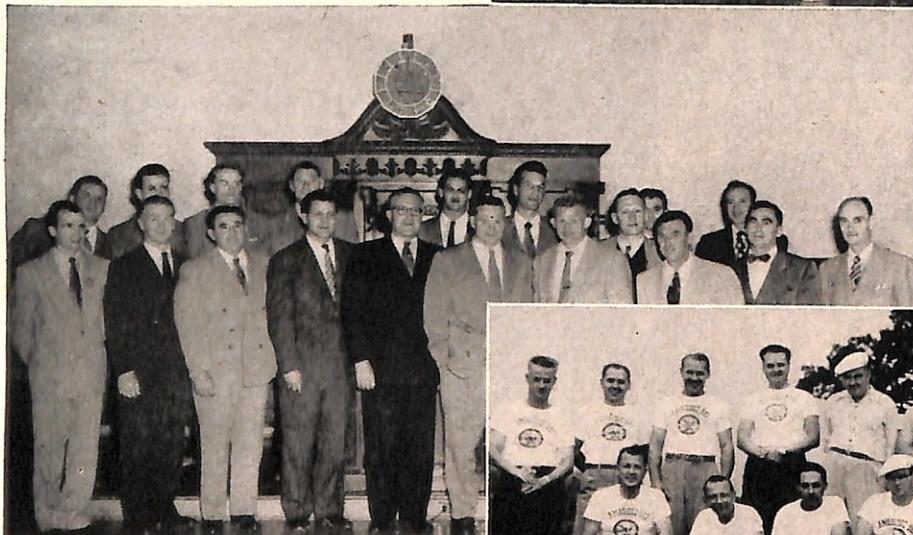
NEWS OF THE LODGES



Above: Past State Comndt. of the Mich. Marine Corps League, Elk Richard Boyce, presents a citation to Est. Lead. Knight Eugene L. Mason and E.R. Carlisle Carver in recognition of Lansing, Mich., Lodge's generosity in paying Mrs. Marie Horton's \$300 travel expenses to Calif. for the reburial of her son, Sgt. Nolan H. Snellings, first Lansing Marine to die in Korea.



Above is the Royal Oak, Mich., Elks' Midget Baseball Team with its coaches and E.R. John H. Cooper and other officers of the lodge.



Left: On Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge's Annual Football Night the coaching staffs of county high schools and junior colleges are entertained. Former All-American Clyde W. King was MC, with another old-time gridiron great, George Ackerman, as Chairman. Charles Taylor, Stanford coach, 1950 All-American Rod Franz and Past State Vice-Pres. P. J. Kramer were guests.



Harvey Beer, Photographer



Above: Ambridge, Pa., Lodge's Golf Team, some of the finest golfers in Western Pennsylvania. Standing, left to right: Milton Hatton, Harold Marti, Charles McKenney, Leo Flanagan, T. C. McNamara, Joseph Palmer, Wm. H. Frischemeier, John B. Campbell, Casimir Jurkowski, Paul Bess, Charles Windham, John Quaye; foreground: Secy. C. F. McRobbie, Geo. R. Harris, Anthony Battaglia, Edward Rafferty, Thomas Rafferty, Bob Field, Ben Imhoff, Ernest Quaye.

At left is the hard-playing and talented band of Beloit, Kans., Lodge. The only official Elks band on record in the State, it is ready to perform, and frequently does, for any and all Elk lodge and State Association functions.

Elks Rally to Blood Appeal

(Continued from page 15)

his report to the State Elks Association concerning the number of local lodge members who make blood donations.

"We have every reason to be pleased with the fine patriotic gesture of the Elks lodges and I am sure that we can look forward to a pleasant cooperative working relationship being established which will serve to stimulate the interest of the entire community in furthering the objectives of the National Blood Program."

Lodges have been supplied with information on the location of blood donor centers and which of them have blood-

mobiles that can be scheduled for visits to lodges. In addition, some Army, Navy and Air Force posts are equipped to receive blood, and lodges not otherwise served are requested to contact the commanding officers of posts near them to learn whether they have blood donor facilities.

The Defense Department and the Red Cross are planning to install additional donor centers, and plans are under consideration to use planes to bring blood donor services to other areas.

Meanwhile, the State Associations

Committee suggests that lodges located in cities without donor centers or blood banks study the possibility of organization of such facilities, including blood-mobiles, not only for this emergency but as a long-range community service project. Pointing out that many lodges have undertaken such programs, the Committee suggested that lodges in a Grand Lodge District might cooperate to serve the entire District.

Local medical societies should be consulted on the need and practicality of such programs, the Committee said.

Winner's Circle

(Continued from page 9)

Davison yelled, "Push him offa you! Lift up your foot and kick him! Take your stick and shillelagh him on the back-side!"

In a close finish, the instructions were: "Grab aholda the saddle cloth, leg-lock the jock, but don't get beat by no noses!"

The training was severe, but it made a jockey of Arcaro. He still rides by the Davison formula, "Never go outside of two or inside of one."

Still, a jockey can go just so far in following instructions. A trainer once told Arcaro, "I want you to come out of the gate fast . . . but not too fast. I want you to lay about fourth on the first turn, move up to third on the back stretch, be second at the far turn, and at the head of the stretch, take the lead and come on and win."

The horse came in seventh, and the trainer pounced on Eddie as he walked back to the jockey's room. "Didn't I tell you . . ." he started.

"What!" exclaimed Eddie. "And leave the horse?"

Almost the same thing happened to the oldtimer, Ty Meloche. He was handed a map of the race to be run with such notes as "Be on your toes here. . . . Drop into third place here and remain on the rail. . . . Move to the leaders here. . . . Go to the whip here and win driving away."

Meloche took the map—and finished last. He explained: "I couldn't read the map, read the instructions, and use the reins and whip at the same time."

RACING fans at the big New York tracks had their first look at Jockey Wee Willie Shoemaker this fall, and went wild about the sure, superb saddle art of the 95-pound, four-foot-eleven Texan.

The 20-year-old rider made his New York debut at Aqueduct in September, and in little more than a month had booted home 52 winners. On two occasions, he had four winners for the day, and five times he scored triples. His average came to almost two winners a day. It was the most sensational riding Easterners had seen in many a turf season.

Although new to the East, the jockey was no flash in the pan. Shoemaker is built to last. In his first year of racing, 1949, he was second only to top jockey Gordon Glisson with a total of 219 winners. Last year, he was co-champion with Joe Culmone with 388 winners, equalling Walter Miller's 1906 record.

Cool and collected, Shoemaker is a fine example of the modern jockey. He's a stable citizen who's a gentleman on and off the turf. "No pushing and shoving for him," says fellow jockey Benny Green. "The horse does the running. He just rides." Shoemaker has been married for more than a year to the former Virginia McLaughlin of San Mateo, Calif., who is four inches taller.

The Fabens, Texas, boy, who now calls California his home, has a sound knowledge of hossology. He once brought home to victory a five-year-old that hadn't won a race in his life, although the horse had tried 46 times. Shoemaker did it by noticing that the horse was annoyed by the clumps kicked up by the thoroughbreds ahead of him. "So I wheeled him out in the clear," the jockey says, "and when we made our move, we just ran over the rest of 'em."

The youngster already has won the highest accolade of his trade, a rave notice from veteran Eddie Arcaro. Says Arcaro: "He's one of the greatest jockeys in the country. And I can say it. I've been looking at his back long enough."

The good jockeys develop the important sense of timing. It is said of one who can time his race that "He has a clock in his head." It is generally accepted on the turf that a horse has one good spurt in him for a race. To win, the horse must make this spurt at precisely the right time. The jockey with "the clock in his head" can time the race and the spurt. Earl Sande was a "Mr. Stopwatch," and so is Eddie Arcaro who, when told by Davison to half a mile in 50 seconds, was expected to finish not a second more or less than 50 seconds.

This great ability of Arcaro actually "stole" a race—the 1944 Manhattan

Handicap at Belmont Park. The favorite was Bolingbroke, which held the record for the course. Arcaro, up on Devil Diver, decided to slow the race down as much as he could, and then use Devil Diver's sprint to win in the stretch. He jumped into second place at the start, and then gently and imperceptibly slowed the pace. The other jockeys, watching Arcaro as usual, unconsciously followed suit. Three-eighths of a mile from the finish Arcaro let Devil Diver spurt. They won in a rush. The time (2:36 3/5) for the mile and a half was the slowest on record—and nine seconds slower than Bolingbroke had done before.

How does a boy become a jockey? First, he must be built naturally small and slight, and possess a strong pair of hands. As a boy Clem McCarthy, the announcer, wanted to be a jockey. Tod Sloan convinced him that he would never make it. McCarthy was 15, and weighed 85 pounds.

"At your age," said Sloan, "I weighed 56 pounds. You don't realize how tall you're going to be in less than two years. Why, sonny, you'll weigh a hundred and five or worse before you really know how to sit on a horse leaving the gate."

McCarthy objected. "I'm no taller than Clawson," he protested, pointing to one of the riders. "What makes you so sure I'll get too tall for a jockey?"

Sloan chuckled. "Your feet. They're too long. Boys with long feet grow tall fast."

Jockeys come from all over. Johnny Longden was born in England and was raised in Canada. Ted Atkinson was born in Toronto and was raised in Brooklyn. Eddie Arcaro is from Newport, Kentucky, Carroll Bierman from Centralia, Ill., and Bobby Permane from Camden, N. J. Conn McCreary, a St. Louis boy, at the age of 16 asked advice of a Lovelorn Column in a St. Louis newspaper on how to become a jockey. He was divorced from his wife, incidentally, in 1941 after telling the judge that his wife "touted information, supposedly from me."

If a boy wants to be a jockey, he will

smooch around a stable until he is taken on as a stable boy (sharp trainers and owners are always on the lookout for potential jockeys). Then he carries water, cleans stalls, polishes tack and walks "hots" (horses which have just worked and need cooling off) before they are rubbed, watered and fed. He just about sleeps with the horses.

When a trainer thinks a boy can be trusted on a valuable piece of horse flesh, the lad becomes an exercise boy and gets his first lessons in horsemanship. He exercises horses for two or three years before he gets his first chance in a race. When he becomes a jockey, the boy has a weight allowance of seven pounds as an apprentice rider. After he has won 20 races, he is allowed five pounds advantage until he has won 40 races or a year has elapsed since winning his first race.

A jockey is ordinarily under contract to an owner, and rides his owner's mounts. The jock can also free lance, and has an agent to drive his bargains for him. He gets a minimum of \$15 a mount, \$50 for a winner, and ten per cent of each stake he wins. Blouse and cap are provided by the owner, but the jockey must buy the rest of his equipment, which includes such items as skull cap, several pairs of boots, whip, saddles (most jocks have three at 2, 3, and 5 pounds), saddle cloths, lead pads (for extra weight when needed on handicapped horses), girth and surcingle. Tack represents an investment of about \$500.

The lads who are successful make more than just a good living. Eddie Arcaro earned more than \$150,000 last year and socked enough away in stocks to provide for the future. Johnny Longden owns a large ranch near Yerington, Nevada. The early jockeys were not so prudent. Tod Sloan traveled about with a dozen or more trunks of expensive clothes, ordered a dozen pairs of shoes at one time, and at one time owned a yacht and a palatial home at Sheepshead Bay. He was reported to have spent \$1,000,000 in less than a year. "I blew a cool million dollars gambling," Sloan admitted. "I would do it again." He died penniless. "I had no business brains of any kind," he confessed, "but I had a lot of fun."

The story is told that Alfred Robertson, while riding in Florida, once took an afternoon off and flew to Havana for a brief holiday. Returning to this country, he had to pass through the Immigration Office. As a British subject, he was asked for proof that he wouldn't become a public charge in the United States.

"I won't," he said calmly.

"As a matter of form," an official said, "we must ask for proof."

"Okay," said the jockey. He unhooked a money belt from under his shirt, undid the flap and exhibited \$100,000 in cash.

When Tommy Meade, who rode for Bet-A-Million Gates and Kaiser Wilhelm among others, brought home his first earnings as a jockey, he dumped three

\$1,000 bills into his mother's lap. "Glory be to the Lord, ye young rascal," she said. "Git outta here and give that money back to the man ye stole it from."

The little men, however, do not steal their money; they earn it. They must avoid even the appearance of evil. They cannot own race horses, according to the rules laid down by the Jockey Club, the ruling body of the turf (it is not an organization for jockeys). Pinks—Pinker-ton detectives—guard the jockey room between races, and when a jockey who is not riding wants to watch a race, a Pink goes with him. Although it is difficult to determine if a rider is really trying to win or skillfully "pulling" his horse, not many horses are pulled on the big tracks. Track officials are sensitive to criticism, and the guards against skulduggery today are stringent.

A FLAGRANT case of pulling was punished uniquely 15 years ago at Sportsman's Park. Jockey Lester Dye had his mount, Semester, three lengths in front going into the short stretch. Apparently he had an easy win. But he eased up and lost by a head to Whistking. Of course, Dye was ruled off the turf. In addition, an angered backer of Semester rushed up to Dye after the race, and knocked him unconscious for 30 minutes.

The two big bogies of jockeys are (1) diet and (2) danger. The ideal weight is 105 pounds. When a jockey balloons up to 118, he starts looking for another calling. The fight against weight goes on relentlessly, and on the average, weight forces riders out of jobs after five years.

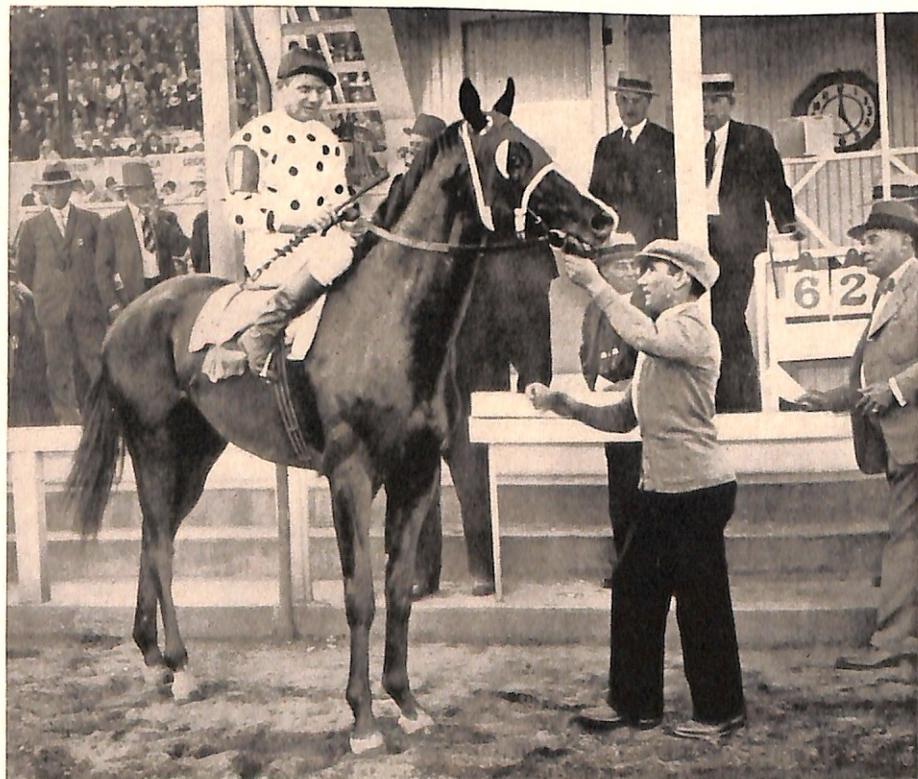
The battle of the bulge is waged on three fronts: by dieting, exercise and forced sweating. Occasionally desperate jockeys resort to strong cathartics, absolute starvation or the dodge Eddie Taplin used. He claimed he could spit off a pound while chewing gum waiting to get on the scales. Hot baths, the lazy man's method of reducing, are not popular because they sap vitality.

It's no longer possible to fix the counterweight of the scales with a wad of gum, or to have the jockey behind you hoist you a bit by the seat of your britches. One old-timer cheated the scales by dressing in tissue-thin clothes and carrying a tissue-thin saddle. Then he would sneak off to change to more serviceable tack. He was caught one day, and forced to ride with his weighing-in equipment. It was a chastening race for him; the weak saddle fell off and there practically was no protection between him and the bouncing horse.

Dieting is more universally followed. Earl Sande's routine was typical. "I get up at 4 o'clock every morning," he said. "drive to the track, exercise horses until about 7. I have a cup of black coffee and two slices of dry toast, rest for a while and then go on the road, running or walking from five to ten miles. After my road work, I lie down for an hour or so and then drive back to the track.

"I take such mounts as there are for me and, when the races are over, return to my hotel. At 7 o'clock I have dinner—roast or broiled meat or chicken, vegetables, a salad, raw or stewed fruit and a cup of black coffee or weak tea. I don't

Brown Brothers photo



Gallant Fox, with Earl Sande up, in the winner's circle after the 1930 Kentucky Derby. Sande was a 3-time Derby winner—Flying Ebony, in 1925, and Zev, in 1923.

eat soup, potatoes, bread or starches or sweets of any kind. I sit around for an hour after dinner and by 9 o'clock I'm in bed."

Others have even less food. Sonny Workman described his diet as cruel. No breakfast or lunch, and only enough food at dinner—his only meal—to keep him half starved. He didn't drink water; his only liquids consisted of a small orange juice and some black coffee. Still others order steak, and then only chew it. They don't swallow.

A cruel hoax once was played on a jockey by a trainer. The jock was offered a fat fee if he would lose seven pounds to ride a horse in a big race. With a week to make the weight, he galloped horses in sweat clothes, and went on long hikes. His meals were hints of food. On the afternoon of the race, he was still one pound too much, and so he hit the road again in dry sweat clothes. When he reported, his eyes were two black dots, his voice a whisper, and his lips cut open and bleeding. He made the limit. Then he was informed that he had been replaced by another jockey.

In a daze, he got himself another horse in the race—and won.

Jockeys tend to minimize the danger of horse races. Conn McCreary is fatalistic about it. "Fellows get killed every day falling off step ladders and slipping in bath tubs," he says. "Race riding ain't any worse than driving a taxi. When your number is up, no matter where you are you gotta go. Besides, who wants to die in bed?"

Each race can be the fatal one for a jockey. He weighs about 110 pounds, his horse about half a ton. There is terrific crowding at the turns, and flashing hoofs if he is thrown. It's a miracle if a thrown jockey escapes only with broken bones. The young riders make racing even more dangerous with daredevil tactics. An aging jockey at a minor track in western Kentucky was getting the business from the youngsters, and he decided to do something about it. He wasn't getting any winners. So he bought a bottle of whiskey, and took a slug of it belligerently as he stepped on the scales. Then he turned and snarled at the youngsters: "All right, you little boys, it's everybody for himself now. Everybody do the best he can."

This quieted the youngsters. Nobody got near him all afternoon, and he won four races.

Another oldster was upbraided by his owner after a race.

"There was a little hole there on the rail when you came into the stretch," the angry owner said. "Why the hell didn't you drive into it?"

"I didn't live to be 48," retorted the jock grimly, "by driving into little holes like that."

There was resistance from jockeys when the Australian fiber helmet, to prevent cracked skulls, was introduced to American tracks. The boys simply re-

fused to wear the "sunbonnet." When the head steward tapped passing jockeys on the head with a riding whip, the jockeys wore the protecting helmets but threw them off while riding. The stewards were helpless until a cautious jockey, Harvey Elston, fell on his fibered head, got up and walked away uninjured.

The helmet did cause at least one veteran to quit racing. Charley Gross thought to himself: "I rode for 43 years without a helmet, and now they order me to wear one. The game must be getting tough." So he went to Trainer Ben Jones and told him: "I'm quitting. I've just discovered I'm in a dangerous business. Besides, I can't get one of those caps to fit me."

JOKEYS are a superstitious lot. Starting the day right is highly important to most of them, and the rule followed most religiously is getting the right boot on first. Another jockey-room fear is that of being hit by a broom before a race. Jockeys have given up mounts if a stable-hand accidentally brushed them with a broom. They also are superstitious about: never buttoning the last button on the legs of breeches, getting into the starting gate last, magic numbers, touting a horse they like, shining boots. Eric Guerin is jumpy about the words "Good Luck." He says: "Just let someone tell me 'Good Luck' before I take a mount on the track, and it's ten to one we'll be still running when the rest of the field is finished."

Jockey Ed Franklin believes all jockeys have superstitions even if they are denied. "Sure, I have them," he admits. "But I'm superstitious about telling my superstitions. It just isn't good luck to talk about what might be bad luck." Earl Sande always carried a \$20 gold piece given him by an admirer after he rode Zev to victory over Papyrus in 1923.

George Woolf was as superstitious as most jockeys. He had a favorite saddle, given to him by Phar Lap's jockey after the big horse came up from Down Under only to meet a mysterious death in America. It was an oversized seat made of kangaroo hide and reptile skin, and The Iceman rode it in all his big races. As years went by, Woolf believed more and more in the luck of his saddle.

Woolf was up on Please Me at Santa Anita on Jan. 3, 1946. He was thrown from the horse, which finished first riderless. The Iceman died of injuries. His saddle? It was up on the wall that day. The race wasn't important enough to warrant the use of the lucky saddle.

Today, although Webster lists the word "jockey" as a transitive verb meaning to cheat, outwit, or overreach, there isn't much rough riding or cheating on the turf. Even Rough Rider Arcaro has quieted down. Once in a moment of reckless mirth, he was passed in the last sixteenth of a race by an onrushing horse. The other jockey, hunched over his mount's neck and standing in his stir-

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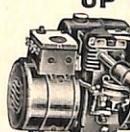
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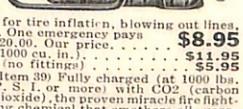
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rups, presented an inviting expanse of white whicord. Arcaro couldn't resist it. He raised his bat and took a full swing.

The winning rider went to the winner's circle with tears in his eyes, and later in the showers revealed a welt two feet long. Arcaro was fined \$50. "If it had been a tight finish," said Eddie later, "I wouldn't have minded. But he was going to beat me two lengths anyway."

THE BIG reason that the day of leg-locking and shoving is over is the motion-picture camera. At the big tracks, almost every inch of the race is recorded on film, and there's not much jockeys can get away with. Another reason is that the age of psychology has overtaken the turf too. Riders no longer have to whip their horses bloody to convince trainers they were trying. They know, as Carol Shilling did, that using a whip on a horse is an art; the rhythm of the horse's action may be broken if struck at the wrong time. Shilling, old horsemen claim, was the greatest whip rider of all—and fast,

"so fast you'd think he had two in each hand and one in his teeth."

It was considered amazing when psychology was applied successfully to Diamond Jubilee, the great but fractious horse owned by King Edward VII of England when he was Prince of Wales. Diamond Jubilee didn't get along with his riders. They hated him in return. The horse had to be blindfolded, for instance, when "Morny" Cannon, a great English jockey, wanted to mount him. Then it was a struggle between horse and rider.

Tod Sloan tried to ride Diamond Jubilee, but the horse had a habit of nipping his rider's boot. He did it to Sloan, who eluded the horse's mouth several times. Then Jubilee got Sloan's boot. Sloan didn't argue. He let the horse have the boot and dived over a nearby fence.

A kindly exercise boy was the only person who could do anything with the horse. He finally was allowed to ride Diamond Jubilee, and Herbert Jones, the boy, rode him to the triple crown. The Prince of Wales was so delighted

that he made Jones the first-string rider in royal colors.

Another contributing factor to the gentlemanly behavior of jockeys is the sober example set by such family men as Ted Atkinson, Johnny Longden, and a more conservative Eddie Arcaro. When old-timers heard of a jockey getting married, they used to say: "Well, there goes a good jock. Too bad." Today, the married men with families that include king-size women are the dominant group among jockeys. So much so that the fact sometimes makes veterans groan. Just a few years ago, Ted Atkinson and Herb Claggett were riding together to the post at Hialeah. Their topic of conversation was their children, and their children's diet. The pony boy, a gnarled old ex-rider of another generation, listened to the talk disgustedly. By the time they reached the starting gate, he was fed up with the paternal talk of baby diets. As the jockeys entered the gate, the pony boy growled:

"Tie yourselves on, laddies. The kiddies would hate to have anything happen to you."

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 25)

inherited, which is one reason why careful breeders are reluctant to use a shy dog for breeding purposes—or it may be caused by early mistreatment. One of the finest specimens of Welsh terrier I ever had, a female with 13 of the necessary 15 points for her championship, was excessively shy. Had it not been for that, she would have won her title long before, but her shyness made her difficult to show.

Now, contrary to popular belief, a toy dog is not necessarily a gentle dog. In fact, such a dog can be, and often is, dangerous—and expensive. I know; one I had cost me a new pair of trousers for our grocer's delivery man and medical expense for the damage she did to the person of a relative's chauffeur. Fortunately, no legal bills entered into the matter.

Shyness, over-nervousness, can be corrected, but not often, and probably never if it is inbred. With gentle handling and kindness the dog that has been made shy by mistreatment can be restored to normality, but it's a long haul and requires a great deal of patience. A shy dog can be dangerous because, in many ways, that dog is still primitive. The nervous dog is a frightened dog, and of course its first interest is to defend itself from danger—real or imaginary. Its best means of defense is to attack, hence the shy dog will sometimes attack people, as well as other dogs, for no apparent reason. In correcting this dog, it will help to play a bit more roughly with it than with the ordinary dog, but by no means to the extent of hurting it. It will help further to take the dog where there are traffic noises, in order to cause the dog to be-

come familiar with strange, loud and sudden sounds. If these measures do not have the desired effect, all you can do is make the best of it and see to it that the dog is never given the chance to become dangerous—especially if the animal happens to be in the company of any boisterous youngsters.

The stubborn dog is another that requires firm treatment. I don't mean perpetual scolding or occasional whipping, neither of which will get the owner anywhere. Here is where understanding and close observation will really pay dividends. There usually is a reason for a dog's willfulness, and the intelligent owner will try to find that reason. It might lie in the dog's dislike of a certain person, place or thing or, as is sometimes the case, it might be sheer obstinacy. Sometimes stubbornness backtracks into an unfortunate early experience that left a definite impression on the dog's mind.

CORRECTION ON COLLIE PUPS PHOTO

On the "In the Doghouse" page in the last issue we ran a remarkable photograph of 11 collie puppies that Brother Thomas H. Godley, retired Chief of Police of Fitchburg, Mass., sent us, but regrettably stated that Brother Godley lives in Leominster, Mass. To give credit where credit is due for one of the finest puppy pictures we have ever seen, we are running this correction.

The stubborn dog isn't to be confused with the chronically disobedient dog which too often behaves that way because of lack of training as a puppy, or no training at all. This points up one of the very good reasons why, if you should take a dog into your home, it should be young enough to be trained properly. The best age is from three to four months and rarely, unless the dog has had training previously, more than eight months old. If it is a matter of bad early training that makes the dog willful, then the wise owner will marshal all his patience to retrain the dog. If there has been no training at all, then the task is going to be much harder for the dog's boss. The formula should be firmness, kindness and a square deal for the animal. Light punishment should be administered only as a last resort, and forgiveness should be prompt. If you have a stubborn dog, bear this in mind, but be sure that it is merely stubborn and not just plain stupid. Fortunately, there aren't many stupid dogs; no amount of training or punishment will create intelligence and obedience in the stupid dog. The poor guy is simply a problem, made that way by Nature, and he can't help it. If such a dog can be taught only to be clean around the house, the owner should be thankful. But even the dumb-bunny among dogs can be an affectionate pet, and a loyal one too.

Occasionally we find the moody dog. Too often such a dog's whimsical disposition may be due to a hidden sickness, something not apparent to its owner. Dogs, to their credit, bear sickness with great fortitude, and often can be ill a long while before the unobservant owner is aware of it. Then, perhaps, the

moodiness may be due to early mistreatment at the hands of someone other than its present owner. In that case, the dog never feels entirely safe, may have its friendly moments but is always on guard expecting the worst. Here again, continued gentleness on the part of the owner is the only approach. Such a dog should be talked to frequently. I don't mean the inane baby talk some owners inflict on their pets, but talk such as would be used to a person—kindly talk, friendly, familiar short words, words the dog will usually learn to understand. Yes, some dogs—many, in fact—learn to understand human talk. As one cynic said, dogs are smarter than men because they understand man-talk while few men ever understand dog-talk.

A canine quirk of personality is found in the lazy dog, and there are many of them. Again, the owner should be certain that the laziness isn't caused by some hidden illness. A check-up by a veterinarian is both in order and advisable. If it is determined that it is simple laziness, then the dog's dinner pail should be lightened. I don't mean the owner should starve the dog into alertness, but that he should feed it lightly. Too much food for the average, confined house pet will often cause the dog to become sluggish and, therefore, it will be inclined to disregard a command that it had learned. Weight helps make laziness and laziness, in turn, helps make weight. The dog should be played with a bit roughly, should be taken for brisk walks frequently and regularly (which won't do the owner any harm either). One of the most attractive women I have known, a breeder of topnotch show dogs, walks her purps, three or four at a time, no less than five miles a day when she is ready-

ing them for the show-ring. And she has what the boys call a figger.

One of the rarest of all canine personalities is the downright goofy dog. Yes, I mean a dog that is crazy, not one that suffers fits, but the one that is just plain cuckoo. I once owned one and she gave me plenty of unexpected trouble. Either the owner has to cultivate great patience or get rid of the dog. Coaxing, training, nothing will affect a dog of this sort. The poor animal should be pitied, just as we pity, and give our sympathy to, a human being so afflicted.

Last is the vicious dog. This fellow needs a firm, guiding hand. Punishment won't do anything for him, other than intensify its bad behavior. The war-like pooch that fancies himself as a scrapper should be restrained sternly, both for his own good and for the peace of mind of his owner. For his own good, because sooner or later he'll meet a pup of like disposition that can out-fight him, and the consequences are likely to be serious for both; for the owner's good, because a fighting dog can be a nuisance and the cause of neighborly quarrels, even to the point of legal action. An unobserved, hidden irritation can sometimes be the reason for a dog's bad temper. Ear canker alone can turn a canine saint into a sinner. A vet's check-up is only fair to the dog. If nothing serious is found, and the dog persists in being vicious, there is only one thing to do—no, two things—either keep the dog confined at all times away from all other dogs and people, or have a competent vet put him out of this world painlessly. There is no place for the downright vicious dog, and although dogs trained for war and police work are dangerous, their viciousness is carefully planned toward a desired end.



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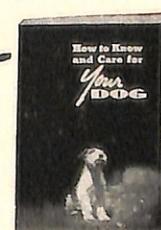
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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 17)

It was reported that the 16 lodges of the Assn. had donated over \$85,000 to charity during the past year, with particular interest being given the Polio, Cerebral Palsy, Crippled Adults and Children campaigns, and the veterans in the various VA Hospitals.

The Barbecue-Fish Fry buffet and informal dance, and the formal Convention Banquet and Ball highlighted the many interesting social events of the meeting. Knoxville Lodge's Team won the Ritualistic Contest, with Oak Ridge, Chattanooga, Columbia and Nashville following closely in that order.

Bristol will be the site of the 1952 conclave, and the following members will handle the Assn.'s affairs until then: Pres., Earl Broden, Nashville; ranking Vice-Pres., Hugh W. Hicks, Jackson; Vice-Presidents (N.E.) Maurice Conn, Bristol; (E.) S. J. Elkins, Knoxville; (Cen.) Frank Rambo, Fayetteville; Trustees (three years) Harry Napier, Columbia; (one year) John Smith, Oak Ridge; (two years) John Longhill, Memphis;

Secy., Thos. O. H. Smith, Nashville; Tiler, H. T. Parrish, Bristol; Sgt.-at-Arms, William Neese, Paris; Chaplain, Rev. Pickens Johnson, Nashville.

MARYLAND, DELAWARE and DISTRICT of COLUMBIA

The 1951 Convention of the Md., Dela., and D. C. Elks Assn. convened in Easton, Md., on Aug. 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th with Pres. Daniel E. Sullivan presiding. P.E.R. Roy L. Willis, Mayor of Easton, and E.R. William E. Slaughter of the host lodge extended their welcomes to the 86 delegates and alternates, and the more than 600 members and guests who attended the sessions.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett was an honored guest at the conclave and delivered an important address. Reports revealed that the Assn. had taken care of about 500 boys at summer camp this year, and that the fine work being done for hospitalized servicemen was on the increase. P.D.D. A. Guy

Miller announced that Annapolis Lodge had won the Ritualistic Contest over Salisbury and Hagerstown entries.

Memorial Services were held on the lawn of the lodge home, with P.E.R. J. M. Tawes of Crisfield as the principal speaker.

Officers for the 1951-1952 term are Pres., W. Edgar Porter, Salisbury, Md.; 1st Vice-Pres., Paul Roeder, Cumberland, Md., 2nd Vice-Pres., C. Burnam Mace, Cambridge, Md., 3rd Vice-Pres., Paul Shutt, Sr., Hayre de Grace, Md.; Secy., R. Edward Dove, Annapolis, Md.; Treas., Arthur L. Kirby, Frostburg, Md.; Trustees; Chairman Joseph Chrisman, Hagerstown, Md.; Secy. James Keating, Washington, D. C., J. Ellis Tawes, Crisfield, Md.; (two years) Elwood Hazel, Wilmington, Del., (three years) George M. Jones, Prince George County, Md., H. Brooks Perring, Silver Spring, Md., and John S. Wyatt, Baltimore, Md.; Chaplain, Edward Labai, Towson, Md.; Tiler, George S. Matthews, Pocomoke City, Md.; Sgt.-at-Arms, R. X. Gibo, Frederick, Md.

News of the Lodges

(Continued from page 30)

Golden Jubilee Celebrated by Plattsburg, N. Y., Elks

The 1,300 members of Plattsburg Lodge No. 621 devoted two days to the observance of its 50th Anniversary. Highlighting the first day's activity were a parade, led by the local High School Band, and a public ceremony at the High School auditorium.

Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and George I. Hall, and State Senator Frank D. O'Connor, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., were the principal speakers on this occasion. Judge Hallinan covered the many accomplishments of Elkdom in his talk, stressing the recent appeals of the Federal Government for blood and blood plasma, a plea which is being answered through the pledge of cooperation of the entire Order made by Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis.

At these ceremonies, E.R. Hendrick W. Lueder presented scrolls to the four surviving Charter Members, William H. Howell, Sr., Frank LaMarche, and P.E.R.'s David Merkel and Thomas H. Smith. Myron J. Gordon, Jr., presented to the lodge the gavel which his grandfather, Julius Mendelsohn, the first E.R. of No. 621, had used in presiding over lodge meetings.

The following day was devoted to a

luncheon, a buffet supper in the afternoon and a dance for members and their ladies in the evening.

Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge Observes Fiftieth Anniversary

Nearly 4,000 persons, among them the Order's leader, Howard R. Davis, were entertained by Waynesboro Lodge No. 731 in its week-long celebration of its 50th Birthday. More than 600 Elks and their ladies from many nearby towns, and some from as far away as California, attended the final day's events, which included a banquet and an all-Elk Minstrel Show, featuring the Golden Jubilee Chorus, repeating its excellent first performance of

the previous evening. The following weekend, the actors traveled to Martinsburg to entertain the patients at the Newton D. Baker VA Hospital.

The fourth evening of the celebration was devoted to paying tribute to Mr. Davis who, in turn, honored the lodge's two Charter Members, Frank C. Cunningham and Samuel D. Hockman, to whom he presented 50-year pins. State Pres. H. Earl Pitzer was in attendance at these sessions, as was D.D. Clyde H. Zartman and many other dignitaries of the Order.

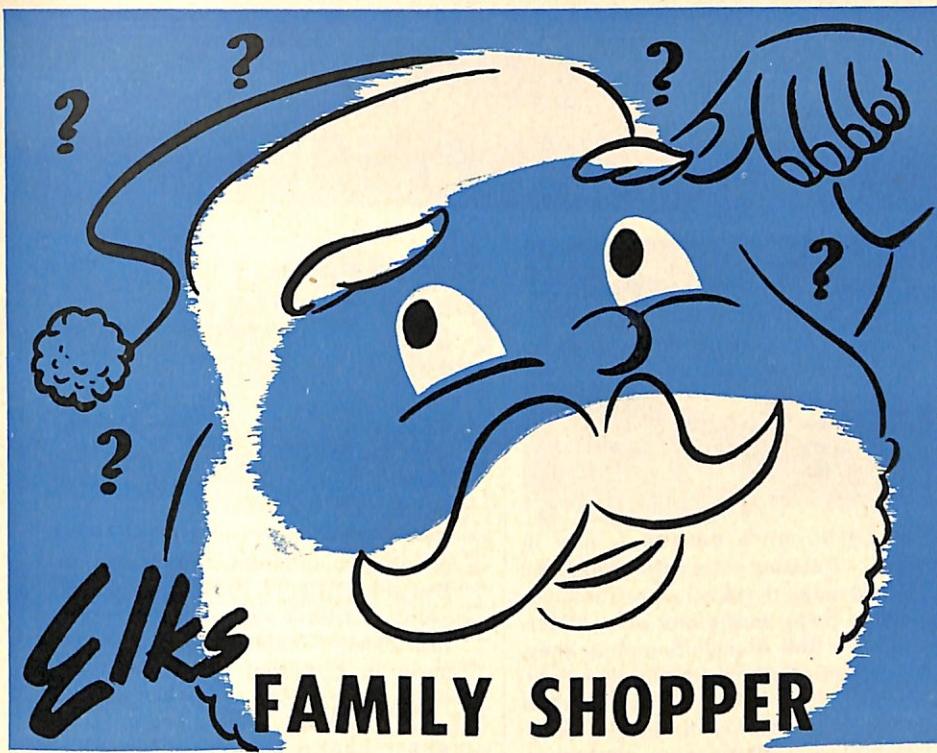
The celebration began with a picnic for Elks and their families, with a dance in the evening. The following night found 46 members of No. 731 receiving 25-year membership pins from E.R. Charles C. Sensheimer, and on the third evening, Claude Thornhill's Orchestra played for the dancers at the Golden Jubilee Ball. Winding up the week were the Grand Exalted Ruler's Night, and the two evenings devoted to the performances of the Elks Minstrel, with the Penna. So. Cent. Dist. Assn. Meeting taking place the final afternoon.

The varied and interesting program was planned by a Committee of ten, headed by P.E.R. Charles L. Johnston as General Chairman. As a memento of the observance, a handsome, leather-bound Souvenir Program was issued, in which many interesting features can be found.

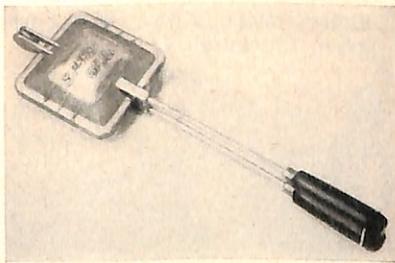
Notice Regarding Application for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

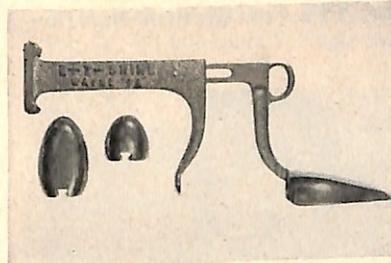
For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.



MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS of nationally known packaged foods make wonderful stocking fillers. Colored like the originals, they're made of wood for long life. Little girls will love them for doll housekeeping and their brothers can deliver them in their trucks. Two sets for \$1.00 ppd. Ways & Means, Dept. EFS, Box 91, Niagara Sq. Sta., Buffalo, N. Y.



SPEED-GRILL toasts a whole sandwich or snaps apart into two separate halves for grilling open sandwiches, pizza pies, leftover meats, etc. Of durable cast aluminum, \$1.98 ppd. Will be sent gift packed directly to recipient with your card. Steuer Mfg. Co., Dept. EFS, 2248—2nd Ave., New York, N. Y.



JUNIOR will get a kick out of shining the family shoes with this E-Z Shine Shoe Bracket. It screws to the wall, takes down when not in use. The three tips for men's, women's and children's shoes make it easy to hold shoes firmly while shining. Sturdy, polished aluminum. \$2.75 ppd. Wayne Mfg. Co., Dept. EFS, Wayne, Pa.



PERFUME ATOMIZER in its own black moire carrying bag. Leak-proof. Satin-smooth finish in emerald, blue, red, orchid, gold, silver, bronze, black and pastel green or blue. Plain, \$5; Engraved Design, \$6; Jeweled, \$7 ppd. Rex Charles Co., Dept. EFS, 1100 Vinsetta Blvd., Royal Oak, Mich.

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Your little darling will squeal with delight when these letters arrive. Santa writes about his reindeer, his helpers, his toyshop and his coming visit to good little boys and girls. These four gay colorful letters measure 12" x 18". Send half for \$1.00. Send your name and address, child's name and address and your relationship to him. Order early for good mail service.

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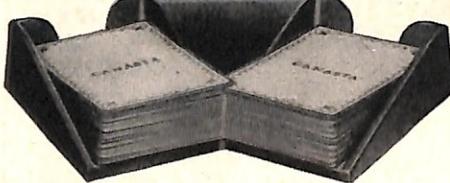


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We pay postage, no extra postage. Satisfaction guaranteed. All 3 items—\$3.00.

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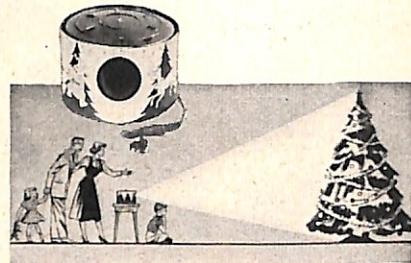
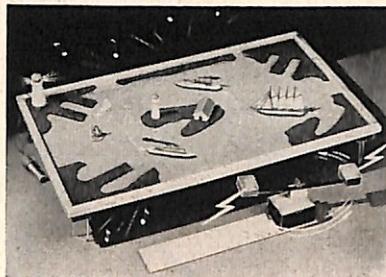
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Elks FAMILY SHOPPER



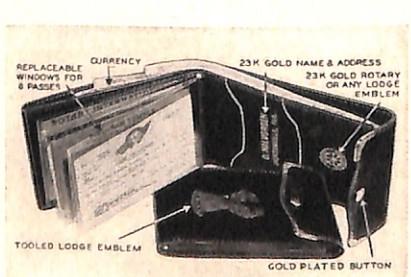
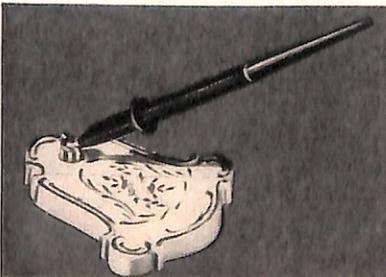
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THERE'S DIGNITY and distinction in this handsome man's ring set with the now-famous gem that's more brilliant than a diamond at a fraction of a diamond's cost. The mounting is 14K yellow or white gold and the Kenya Gem is set flush in a palladium top. With 1 carat gem, \$66. ppd. Kenya Gem Corporation, Dept. EFS, Philadelphia 44, Pa.

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HALVORFOLD is a combination bill and pass case with replaceable windows for 8, 12 or 16 passes. In tan or russet pigskin or brown steerhide. Free tooled lodge emblem, 24K gold name, address, and choice of lodge insignia. With 8 passes, \$4.90 ppd; add 25c for 12; 50c for 16. Free week's trial. Halverson, PCM—Dept. 52 EFS, Jacksonville, Fla.

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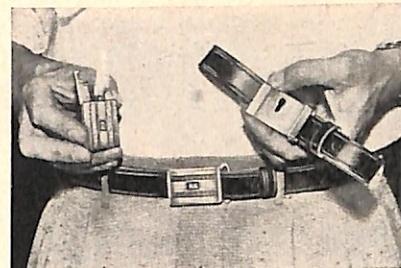


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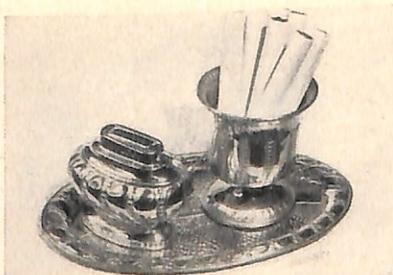
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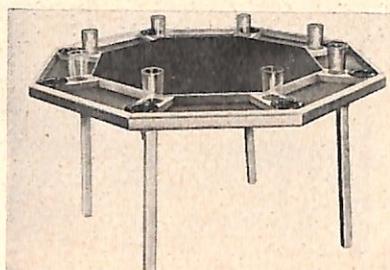
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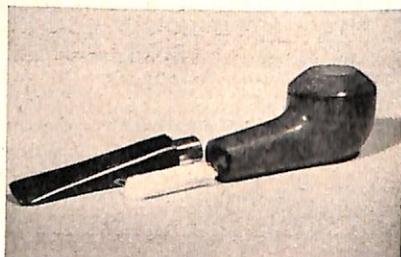
Elks

FAMILY SHOPPER



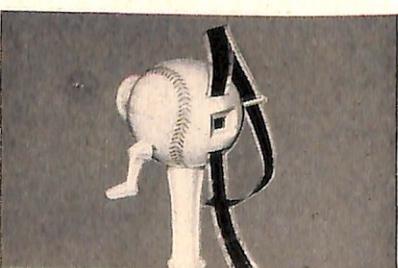
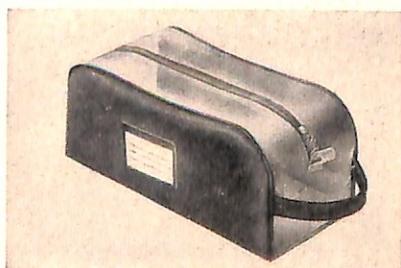
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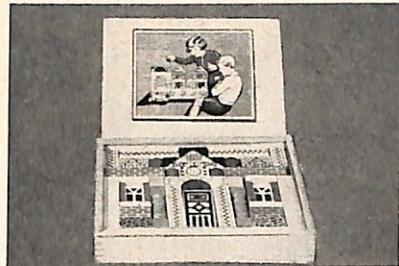
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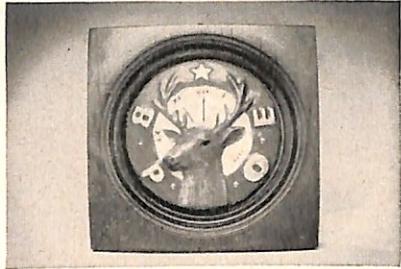
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What Every ELK Should Know ABOUT the ELKS MAGAZINE

PART II

THIS is the second of three articles about *The Elks Magazine*'s part in the Order as its national publication. The articles were taken from a booklet distributed to Exalted Rulers and Lodge Secretaries and are published because they are of general interest to all Elks.

Opinions Welcomed

It is the desire and it is the purpose of the management of *The Elks Magazine* to make the editorial policy conform closely to the wishes and preferences of its readers—the members of the Order and the members of their families.

It is with this in mind that we seek expressions of the members' preferences that they may be reflected in our editorial policy.

cerning the activities of individual Elks are sent in. In an Order having a membership of over 1,000,000 men the activities of many of them must be worthy of comment. Since all of those that are really worthwhile cannot be used, the Magazine has adopted a rule that stories of individuals will not be used.

There is another way in which you can help. Appoint someone in the Lodge who will accept the responsibility of sending stories of the activities of the Lodge for publication in *The Elks Magazine*.

You may be asked, "What kind of material shall we send to the Magazine?" The answer is that any recent issue of *The Elks Magazine* will show the type of articles and photographs that are being used.

Among acceptable articles are stories and photographs of scholarship presentations, crippled children aid, assistance to the tubercular or the victims of infantile paralysis, sponsorship of Boy Scout movements, gifts of hospital equipment, large or small, ambulances or police safety cars, reports of entertainments in Veterans Hospitals and any other outstanding patriotic or civic service.

It is important that stories be forwarded promptly. Sometimes stories are received that are three months old. This means they will be four or five months old before *The Elks Magazine* can publish them. It is desirable that all stories shall be published while the news is still fresh. We do not like to publish pictures of a summer picnic in a mid-winter issue.

New Members and Changes of Address

New members are added to the mailing list three times a month: on the 5th, the 15th and the 25th. The first group receives the next issue without fail. The other two groups usually receive the new issue, depending on the volume of new names and the number of surplus copies available.

The change of address work, however, is more complex. All of the large publications have the same problems and specify that they require 30 days to effect a change of address.

While the large majority of Lodge Secretaries cooperate splendidly in sending authorizations promptly, some may not understand the necessity for early mailing of instructions to avoid members' complaints.

If any Lodge Secretary feels that his mailing list needs correction, the Circulation Department of the Magazine will supply promptly, on his request, a copy of the names and addresses on file for his lodge. Or, it will correct a file from any

list which the Secretary prefers to send.

Occasionally a Lodge Secretary desires to invite out-of-town members, residing temporarily or permanently in the city in which his lodge is located, to attend meetings or a special "Stray Elks" or "Out-of-town Elks" night. The Circulation Department will be glad to supply a list showing out-of-town members in the lodge city.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 20)

slowly down under your collar, if it pours rain, even if a snake takes refuge up your pants leg, ignore these trifles. Pretend you are General Grant among the pigeons of Riverside Park. When you can accomplish this for six or eight hours at a stretch, you're on your way to becoming a turkey hunter.

The appearance of the hunter under these circumstances also is important. Various would-be turkey slayers wear shirts of blue, red, yellow, green or whatever else they may have received for Christmas. Some hunters appeal to the esthetic tastes of the turkey by sporting gay combinations of these colors. Such efforts are wasted. Turkeys have little or no appreciation for intricately-conceived color schemes. Conversely, a few of the best turkey hunters I've come across have been gnarled old characters who, without effort, look roughly like rotting pine stumps draped with strands of Spanish moss.

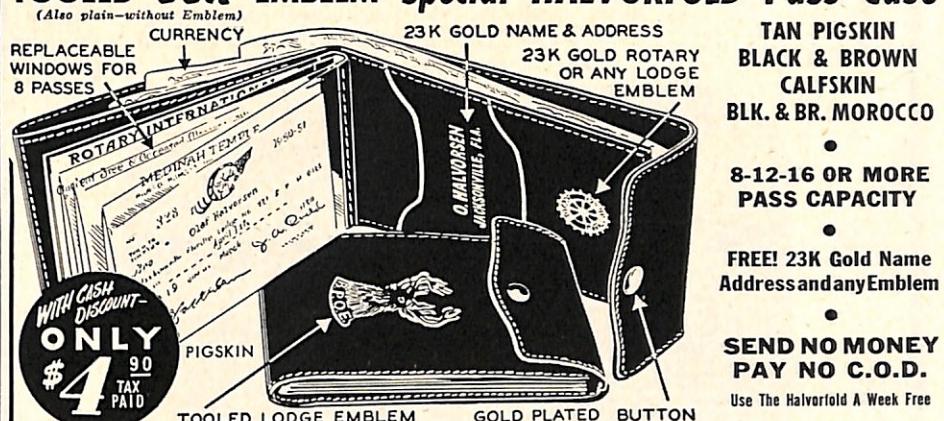
Another point in successful turkey hunting is to be able to distinguish between not only a hen and a gobbler but between a gobbler and any other large feathered fowl. It is embarrassing to shoot the wrong kind of bird.

Joe McCorquodale of Jackson, who had much to do with the success of our hunt, told of such an instance. It was the first turkey trip for the hunter in question, a young fellow—who, along with enormous enthusiasm, had an unfortunate handicap in his speech which made it difficult for him to pronounce his l's and r's. Just before dawn Joe placed the young hunter with his back to a tree overlooking a likely spot, told him to remain motionless and to watch carefully for any turkey which might feed past him; then Joe moved along another 50 yards to take a stand for himself. Just as the eastern sky was turning gray, Joe saw an owl float in silently and perch in the tree directly above the young hunter's head, whereupon the early-morning quiet was shattered by the sudden explosion of the 12 gauge shotgun, and owl feathers filled the air like drifting snow.

"This is my wucky day!" shouted the happy hunter, jumping up and down. "One wit wight over me!"

The last point necessary to assure success at this difficult sport is to go with someone who knows where and when there will be turkeys, who shows you

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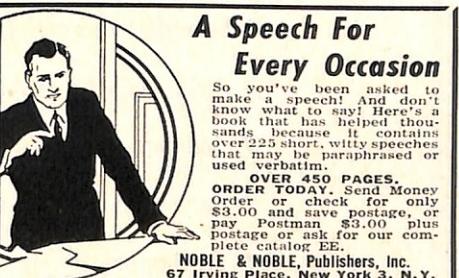
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where to sit and tells you where to point the gun and when to pull the trigger. Such a seemingly small matter can help considerably. That's why we went hunting with Joe and his friends. I can say on our behalf that we didn't shoot any owls for turkeys.

A final bit of advice: should the hunter venture forth to shoot a wild turkey for Christmas dinner, it would be wise for him to order a domestic one in addition —just in case unexpected company drops in, of course.

We hunted the most of three days without success. On the second day I slipped up on a couple of turkeys, which I could hear scratching and feeding among the dry leaves, until I determined that I was as close as I could get—evidenced by the fact that they gave a couple of warning "perts" and flew away. The near one looked as big as a red barn as he rose into the air. I was certain he was a gobbler, judging simply by his size, and I swung the gun ahead of him as he climbed toward the tree tops. However, he was quartering away from me, and I didn't dare shoot. At that angle I couldn't see his beard. I felt then that I had missed my chance. It was as close as any of us had come to getting a shot.

The third morning another of the fellows had his chance. He sat at the base of a tree and watched eight turkeys feed by within 30 paces. Seven were hens and the other was a gobbler with a beard that almost dragged the ground. They were in range for 20 minutes, yet he couldn't shoot. At all times one or more of the hens was directly in the line of fire. He couldn't shoot the gobbler without hitting a hen along with it. This particular hunter is the only man I know who has hunted turkeys longer than I have without getting one. At that rate, he may never get one.

THAT afternoon I killed my first turkey. It was a small one—I could see that before I pulled the trigger—but it didn't make any difference. I had waited 13 years to bring one in, so the moment I saw that beard sticking out in front I touched it off. Almost before the echoes of my gun had died down in the quiet woods, I had the turkey by the feet hefting it. I judged it would weigh about 12 pounds—not exactly a record, but big enough.

For an hour or two I carried it around, photographing and admiring it, and complimenting myself on being such a mighty hunter. On examining it closely I noticed that it didn't have any spurs yet, just round nubbins where they were to grow. It was an even younger gobbler than I thought. Anyway, it should be tender. It occurred to me also that it hadn't grown any wattles around its neck either. It was hardly a gobbler at all, at least mighty young and innocent to be sporting a beard.

We were hunting that day with Joe's cousin, Ches McCorquodale. By the time

he returned to the car at dusk, I had developed slight suspicions that there was something pretty strange about my fine young gobbler. I told him rather hesitantly that I had shot a turkey which, by looking at it, maybe, being an old hand at turkey shooting, possibly he could tell me if, by any chance, er, rather—what is the damn thing anyway, a gobbler or a hen?

Ches looked at it casually, rolled it over, and remarked: "I will say she has a nice beard."

I didn't see anything particularly funny in it, but the other fellows, when they came in from hunting, seemed to think it was cause for considerable merriment. I didn't ask what the joke was, but I assume they were merely pleased because I had finally shot a turkey.

That evening back in town we got together with several other hunters, including Hugh Grey, Editor of *Field & Stream*, Logan Bennett, Chief of Research, Fish & Wildlife Service, and a couple of state wardens. I told them that I had shot a hen, and left it at that. They were amazed. How could I possibly do that? It must have been an accident. Maybe I ran into it with the car. No, I shot it, I insisted; shot it dead. One of the wardens said he would go bring it in. They would get a laugh out of it when they saw a hen sporting a beard.

The fellow who brought it in is not my friend. Not any more. He took out his pocketknife and cut off the beard just before he carried it into the room. It's surprising what a difference it made in the bird's appearance. There was a very dead hen turkey which I had claimed as having shot. Naturally, everyone was incredulous, including me. It wasn't exactly easy to explain—in fact, I might be trying yet if the culprit hadn't relented and produced the beard as evi-

dence. It's strange what some people think is funny.

At least I had the last laugh. That was when I got home. That hen, roasted and stuffed with oyster dressing, with wild rice on the side, was something to remember. Wild turkey is the finest eating fowl there is, without question. The meat is light, as in a domestic turkey, except that it has a more pinkish cast and a nuttier flavor. After that meal, I might add that any other bearded ladies which come my way on a turkey stand would be well advised to shave first.

Since no one else had been lucky enough even to get a shot, we agreed to stay over a half day more. We decided that it was barely possible to get up one more morning at 3 a.m. It was worth it. It turned out to be a tremendous day as turkey hunting goes. Three of us hunting together got two grandaddy gobblers. They weighed 18 pounds apiece, just about as large as a wild gobbler grows. I got one about mid-morning, and the other hunter shot his just on the stroke of noon, the very minute we agreed to quit. These gobblers, I noticed, had long, sharp spurs on their legs and heavy wattles on their necks in addition to their beards.

Actually, I was almost as pleased about the bearded hen as the big gobbler. Occasionally in the past I've heard of a doe deer wearing antlers having been shot for a buck, and I've felt that it served her right. I don't say that whenever the female of the species usurps the rights of the male she should immediately be taken out and shot. I would never consider anything so drastic. But along with the rights she should assume a few of the risks. Antlered doe deer and bearded hen turkeys should stay home and tend the kids during the open season if they want to stay out of trouble.

For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 27)

Place de la Concorde. The great square is an evening show within itself, for the buildings and the monuments are still bathed in lights for the commemoration of this 2,000th year of Paris's birth. The obelisk in the center brought from Egypt by Napoleon gleamed like a sword, the fountains played. For one split second before the buses rolled on towards the brash world of Pigalle one had a brief rendezvous with history and dreamed of the day not two hundred years ago when Marie Antoinette lost her head to the guillotine in this same beautiful square.

The nightclubs have hardly changed except that some go by new names, and a few new ones have opened, notably one with the incredibly incongruent name—here in Paris at least—of the Crazy Horse Saloon. This boîte de nuit with the Wild West appellation is currently featuring Slim Briggs and his Texan Boys. Since all tourists, including tourist agents, must

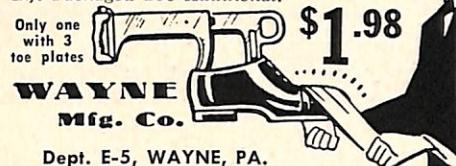
see the Folies Bergère, which is as much a part of Paris as the Eiffel Tower, the entire house has been reserved for a performance exclusively for the delegates.

Prices in the nightclubs as well as the famous Paris restaurants such as Maxim's and the Tour d'Argent are rather high. One can, however, with great selectivity, ferret out excellent restaurants where a full dinner with wine included will fall short of two dollars a person. A list compiled after the expense of much experience and more francs includes Doucet's near the Ave. George V, the Rech in the Etoile section, Brasserie Lipp near St. Germain des Prés, La Petite Alsacienne and Le Jour et La Nuit, both off the Champs Elysées. Once in Paris the traveler can trade these for other names and so compile a reservoir of addresses that will not cause the collapse of his personal chequer after a few days in the capital.

In between times the travel experts

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may have a chance to grab 40 winks and to invade the shopping centers for gifts. Prices for smart things for which Paris is eminently noted are fantastically high even on the so-called free rate of 400 francs to the dollar. (The official exchange remains at 346). Gloves in suede and doeskin, prime quality and style, of course, come to \$12. A pair of plaid gloves with belt to match were pegged at \$14 each. I priced a trim blouse of tan poplin edged with a black trimming for a mere \$27. It is possible to get an unlined silk necktie at \$1.50, but at the smarter shops where the silk is heavier, so, to be sure, is the price tag. Anywhere from \$5 to \$10 was the tie tariff. A

ready-made collar-attached man's shirt in poplin had a tag of \$16.50. Nice things of more traditional design, less eminently French in character, are available in such department stores as Trois Quartier, Au Printemps, and La Grande Maison de Blanc. Perfume is still the most popular and the best buy for Americans who escape the 20 per cent excise which the United States imposes on perfume bought at home. Half an ounce of such popular scents as Précèxe or Arpège de Lanvin costs less than four dollars, figuring on the official exchange rate.

Fine hotels like the George V are charging a minimum of \$8.50 a day for a single room, which is not far from the

tariff imposed by the good transient hotels in America. The affiliated Trémoille, a smaller establishment, offers a double room with bath at a minimum of about \$6 a day for two. Both are in the fancy Etoile Section, and hotels less elegantly located (except for the Ritz and the Meurice) come for less.

In truth Paris, for those who hit the high spots, can be expensive. But a little picking and choosing and ferreting will result in a medium-priced vacation. No matter what the season of the year, Paris the ballerina exudes charm, femininity and a great buoyancy of spirit that is infectious to all but the most callous. No patent medicine was ever a better tonic.

Star of Wonder

(Continued from page 4)

Cousins had been with them for about two weeks. She was slender and dignified; neat, if not pretty. Now, as always, she wore a white uniform, starched and spotless as a linen angel on the verge of taking off. "Are you all right, David?"

"I'm fine," he said.

Resourcefully he blew his nose several times. Thus from behind his handkerchief he could observe Miss Cousins while concealing the sight of his tears. He did not dislike her, but he understood for the first time why she was here, and why, on this eve of the greatest of days, his mother was in New York. Tears threatened and he blew his nose. "Scuse me," he said.

Miss Cousins looked worried. "We can't have a head cold developing now, dear, can we?" she asked. "After just getting over the gripe?" Miss Cousins' voice was at all times exquisitely refined, reminding you she was not ordinary help but was clearly expensive, like the neighborhood they lived in, like the school he attended, and like this elegant, silent, suddenly cheerless house. Somehow it seemed to David they had all been happier and more together when his father made less money. He kept biting his lips until Miss Cousins left the room. . . . Ah, Pop, he thought, it was always so wonderful this time of year, no matter where we lived. . . . Please, Pop, and please, God . . . don't let a good thing go wrong. . . .

JOHN COOPER, age 43, if perilously wed, was a lawyer safely arrived in his profession. He did not linger at the office party longer than his role as host and head of the firm obliged. It was approximately half-past five. The elevator operators and the starter in the lobby wished him all the gayety and blessing of the season. They had received his little envelopes in the earlier afternoon.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Cooper!"

"Good night, Mr. Cooper!"

"The best of luck to you, sir!"

"Yessir, Mr. Cooper!"

And he was free—at least of such good will as he had managed to purchase for

cash in the season he had always prized so dearly. So many things seemed counterfeit today and likely enough only because he had himself proved counterfeit. This endless thinking, thinking, thinking in unhappy circles was not good for him, he feared. It only compounded his fatigue of spirit and managed to dig even deeper the pit of loss that loomed ahead.

Only the snow outside seemed real. It was tonic and wild and it purged the air. His lungs took greedy draughts of it. He stood at Madison and 42nd Street and

watched the fallen snow rise up in sweeps of wind, then fall again in sprays as thin as salt. An inch or more already clung to the paving, but it would abate, he thought. He swept some from the crown of a mail box at the curb, then pressed it to his mouth to repair the whiskey coating that too many unwanted party drinks had left on his tongue. A Salvation Army trumpet lanced the air with sweetness. John moved closer to the music. Like David, at home, he had a weakness for this kind of thing and wished

AMENDMENT TO

GRAND LODGE CONSTITUTION

THE following amendment to Section 18 of Article III of the Constitution of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, as approved by the 87th Session of the Grand Lodge, was submitted to all subordinate lodges for adoption or rejection. The final tabulation of the vote on this amendment shows it to have been adopted.

Therefore, I declare that such amendment, having received a majority of the votes cast by the subordinate lodges, has been adopted and is promulgated as a part of the Constitution, as follows:

Sec. 18 of Article III of the Constitution of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

"There shall be but one Subordinate Lodge established in any city or town of less than five hundred thousand population and in any borough, where a city is divided into boroughs, of less than five hundred thousand population. The Grand Exalted Ruler may, where in his opinion special circumstances and the good of the Order warrant such action, grant a dispensation for the institution of an additional Subordinate Lodge for each successive five hundred thousand population or major fraction thereof, in any such city or borough; and in

cities of less than five hundred thousand population, the Grand Exalted Ruler, with the consent of the Board of Grand Trustees and the approval of the Advisory Committee of the Grand Lodge, may, in his discretion, grant dispensation for the institution of one or more additional Subordinate Lodges, where special circumstances and the good of the Order warrant such action.

"In cities divided into boroughs, and in cities where Subordinate Lodges may be brought within the limits of a city or town by annexation proceedings, the jurisdiction of such existing Lodges shall remain as established, unless and until the Grand Exalted Ruler shall designate by executive order jurisdictional boundaries.

"Where more than one Subordinate Lodge is established within the corporate limits of any city or town, then all Lodges established therein shall have concurrent jurisdiction, unless and until the Grand Exalted Ruler shall by executive order designate the jurisdictional boundaries for each Lodge so established."

HOWARD R. DAVIS
GRAND EXALTED RULER

that all his weaknesses could be as innocent. The trumpeter, full-cheeked as a man with a grapefruit in his mouth, played on exquisitely. John placed a bill on the cold gut of a tambourine and continued towards Grand Central.

The only trouble with Christmas, he decided, was the degree to which it was organized. For reasons commercial, sentimental or religious, the event pursued you, and it was, of course, an open season on the consciences of married men. His own conscience, already as perforated as his commutation ticket, couldn't stand much more. He just wished Kathryn had not chosen Christmas Eve as the time to see one lawyer about divorcing another one. It seemed a bit too businesslike, no matter how she grieved.

In Grand Central Terminal the holiday accent shrieked at him. There was no merciful escape. The organ music filled the vastness of the place, the choralsinging swelled in high hosannas. It was murder. John walked faster, to get away, hastening among the weary shoppers with their packages chin-high, their wet feet tramping through and darkening a hundred puddles on the floor. He walked past college boys, grandmothers, and, every now and then, a reveler with a shining ninety proof smile. Habit made him stop at a newsstand about fifty feet from the entrance to the 5:59, and habit made him put down his nickel and pick a paper off the stack. He had no interest in the headlines. His glance went instead to the people gathered near the gate to his train, which had not opened yet. And then he saw Kathryn, quietly standing there.

IT HADN'T occurred to him her trip to New York might put them on the same train going home. He watched her, more as a spectator than a husband. It was no news to him that she was handsome. She stood very straight, but her expression was immobile and her clothes a bit grave: a dark winter suit, rigidly tailored, worn with a casual furpiece that had cost no more than seven hundred dollars. Of course, you'd not expect, considering her mission today, that Kathryn would be wearing bells on her sleeves or holly in her hat. Her quiet clothes reflected no more than her impeccable taste, and if he could remember her having looked happier in a five dollar dress, it was his fault rather than hers.

John approached her almost timidly, aware how her stunning sobriety must have impressed Maurice Kielty, a fellow attorney who had agreed, as a friend, to be the discreet mortician to their matrimonial remains. Maurice was a specialist in these matters and his prescription, if not unusual, seemed sound: one ticket to Reno for Kathryn, assuring the same results without those sordid representations the New York courts required.

"Hello, Kathryn," he said.

"Hello, John."

Their exchange of greetings was polite. Both good manners and Maurice Kielty

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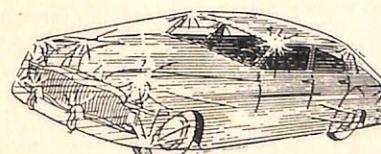
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advocated the amiable path to freedom. The accusations, tears and emotional sound effects were over. Accordingly, at breakfast and at other meeting times they could discuss such items as the weather and the Russians with dispassionate courtesy. John said brilliantly now, "You get your feet wet in the storm?"

"Not especially, John."

"How's Maurice?" he said.

"Oh, about the same. Just splendid. You know the way Maurice is."

"Yeah; I suppose I do," John said, but his own tone of voice surprised him. Maurice, after all, was an old and cherished friend. Well—wasn't he? Kathryn seemed unaware of any cynicism in his voice. She glanced towards the still unopened gate to the 5:59, which had evidently been delayed.

"Maurice seems to think the second week in January would be the best time for me to go to Nevada," she was saying. "The children, of course, will be back in school by then, and if it doesn't interfere with your plans—"

"Look, don't mind me," John said. "Who is the culprit, after all?"

"We were thinking of your convenience, John. Miss Cousins will be there for all the household details. You trust her, don't you? You feel that she's competent?"

"I would trust her with the Queen Elizabeth," he said, "and that goes for either the King's wife or the ship of the same name."

"Well, I'm glad you're pleased with her. Another thing Maurice said, John—since we may as well face it—"

"Lemme face it some other time, will you?" he shouted suddenly. "Day after tomorrow? Okay?" She looked at him and their eyes locked momentarily. "Merry Christmas," he said bitterly.

"Merry Christmas to you, too, John, but let's not be emotional."

They stood silent then in that frame of adult discipline to which they had agreed. They carried no packages, though gifts for the children, relatives and friends had been liberally provided. That was one of the nice things about being solvent: you raised a telephone, expressed your desires and had them delivered, C.O.D., or charged to your account. It might not be the heartfelt way, but it saved a lot of sweat. The kids might needle him for having failed again to get that big silver star for the top of the tree in front of the house, but they need not know for the holidays' length that anything was wrong.

"By the way," he said, "about David's bike—how'd you manage to hide it so he wouldn't sneak a look?"

Kathryn gazed at him strangely. "I don't follow you, John. How could I hide it? You were the one who ordered it from—you know—well, the store that had them."

"Me?"

"Well, didn't you?"

"I thought you ordered it!"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, John." She looked at him grimly. "It was the most important thing of all, and you know it. It's the one thing he's been dreaming about through all the time he's been sick. How could you possibly have forgotten?"

"Me?" he repeated. He stood in despair, not only a faithless husband but an irresponsible father to a boy who had been sick.

"You could go over to one of the big stores now."

"They're closed. Been closed almost an hour."

"Macy's?" she said. "Gimbels?"

"Macy's, Gimbels, Wanamaker's, Saks. Store employees have homes of their own." He paused reflectively. "It's a hard bike to find. Thing to do would be to keep on trying the small shops that stay open late in the city here. Only thing is—"

"Yes, John?"

"Only thing is—suppose I'm lucky; am I going to carry it back to Lorraine Heights on my back? Ride it through the snow? You can't bring a thing like that on the train. Conductor'd heave you off."

"Oh." Kathryn thought about this for a moment. Then she brightened. "Maurice," she said. "Why don't you phone Maurice? He'd probably lend you his car."

Her smile was the first he had seen her display since their trouble began, but it disturbed him more than it pleased him. He said, "If you think the guy is so charming, and wants to lend someone his precious heap on a night like this, why don't you phone him yourself?"

"John—don't be an idiot."

"I've always been an idiot," he said, "an' maybe I'm beginning to discover why. Go ahead; phone Maurice; I'll even supply the dime."

BY SEVEN o'clock, in Lorraine Heights, David could see the snow piled a hand high on the windowsills outside. When the phone rang this time he did not get involved with the extension, but Miss Cousins reported it was his mother who had phoned, explaining she had been unable to get the 5:59 from New York. She said nothing about his father and David dared not ask. But the thought persisted and pursued him: maybe Pop's not coming home at all.

Martha and Harry came in, shedding snow in the foyer, shouting, "Hey, Mom! Hey, Pop!" yet seemed undisturbed to learn from him that neither parent was home. Martha had a sandwich and some cocoa, hastily, explaining she had to get back to St. Mark's for the carol singing and the Christmas play. Harry rushed upstairs to wrap a present for his girl, leaving footprints big as squash racquets on the broadloomed steps. He was down again in ten minutes, then noisily gone: "Be back by midnight! Just like Santa Claus, m' boy."

Martha said, "Anything wrong, Dave?"

"Nothin'."

"Some cocoa? Maybe a sandwich?"

"No thanks."

Then she was gone, too, and he was glad, for while it was lonelier this way, he was not obliged to hold his secret pressed to himself like a ticking bomb.

THEY COULD COUNT ON THE ELKS

YOU'D LOOK a long time to find an organization anywhere that compares with the Elks of La Junta. That's no idle statement. We make it because we just doubt if you could find a group that has done so much so often for so many and has asked so little recognition for what they've done.

This comes to mind now because this morning we learned that Doctor Gordon Vandiver, head of a newly created physiotherapy committee of the Mennonite Hospital staff, went to the Elks last night asking for help. He got it, and fast.

Doctor Vandiver asked the Elks for help, cash-variety, because the Mennonite Hospital staff feels it must act now, due to the polio outbreak, to set up a physiotherapy department. Equipment for such a department will run about \$2,555.

"That sort of money just isn't available," Dr. Vandiver told the Elks. "Unless individuals and or-

ganizations such as this make it available with donations."

The Elks heard this, heard why a physiotherapy department is needed and then took action. They kicked off the drive by donating \$500, which is quite a few drops in a \$2,555 bucket.

This is just one example of the good deeds done by the Elks, but it is typical. The Elks aren't exactly an easy touch, but in our honest opinion we don't believe the day has ever dawned, or ever will, when the Elks can't be counted on for a helping hand if the cause be worthy.

Incidentally, we heard this story from Dr. Vandiver. Likely the Elks would never have mentioned it.

This tribute to Elkdom in general, and La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, in particular, was paid recently in the "Across the Fence" column of the La Junta "Daily Tribune-Democrat".

He didn't help Miss Cousins trim the tree in the living room, though once in a while he looked in on her careful labors. Miss Cousins hung each strand of tinsel like a diamond pendant and the candy canes like sticks of striped uranium. He resented seeing anyone replace his father—the traditional architect and engineer of all such joys.

He walked from the room to the center hall. All day delivery trucks had been arriving and the gay-wrapped packages were stacked in imposing bulk. Why, David asked himself—why did they bother now? It only seemed to make things worse. His own gift to his mother and his father, for example, was a reading lamp to set between their beds. But he was old enough to understand that people who got divorced would somehow not be wishing to share a bedlamp any longer. He went to his room on the second floor and separated the lamp from his gifts for Martha and Harry. He sat puzzled and unhappy there, then heard the doorchimes ring below him in the center hall.

"Good evening, Mr. Tormley—won't you come in?" he heard Miss Cousins say. ". . . for Mister Cooper?" Miss Cousins cleared her throat. "Why, I'm sure he'll be delighted, Mr. Tormley. A pity he can't be here to thank you for it himself."

"Doesn't have to thank me," David heard Mister Tormley say. "He practically ran our building fund by himself, and this is a little something I remember he was looking for last year. Best man in my congregation, though I wouldn't let him know it. Just tell him I said it's a wise man that keeps looking for the right kind of star—especially this time of the year. . . ."

David, excited, went to an upstairs window. He saw Mister Tormley, a big, energetic man, get into his car and drive off, a loose snow chain assaulting one fender in a most unmusical way. Curious then, he went downstairs, remembering gratefully the clergyman's words, "Best man in my congregation." He repeated the good phrase to himself until it had warmed and nourished him. It must be, then, he reasoned eagerly, that Pop had not done anything so terrible as—well, the things you sometimes read about before your mother came along and took the paper out of your hands. It was probably just some argument his father and his mother had, like Harry, for instance, and the last girl he had—that one on Arden Road. Except it didn't seem right that people who were really married and had kids at home—

He stopped. Miss Cousins had set Mr. Tormley's gift at the top of the pile. It was a pale silver star, six-pointed, and as big around as his father's best Panama hat, wrapped loosely in transparent paper that was no problem to remove. David held the star in his hands. It seemed to be made of porous rhinestones that shrieked with brilliance when you moved

them under the light. Inside the whole contraption was a bluish bulb—unlighted now, of course, but with a length of cord that could be plugged into the system on the big fir tree. It was truly beautiful, David thought, and exactly the kind his father had always talked about and yet never succeeded in finding, anywhere.

It was getting later and later and David was afraid. Suppose, it occurred to him, that Pop was just too mad to come home at all—the way that Harry got mad one time and stamped right out of the house? Harry, they said, sat for six long hours in an empty lot, because he thought nobody loved him. Pop always told that story as a joke, but believe me, David thought, it didn't have to be a joke. Suppose Pop felt like that right now himself. Suppose he was sitting over at the Martins's house, or the Kelly's even, just waiting for someone to do something nice. Suppose, when he wasn't feeling so good, that Pop looked over and saw this star on the very top of the tree.

David wondered. He set the treasured star down carefully. He opened the front door and the night air chilled him, but he found the switch that made the fir tree glow. The deepening, silent snow stretched on, broken only by the marks of Mr. Tormley's overshoes. He looked up now to the barren top of the tree where a solitary and feeble bulb made it clear that Mr. Nealan, the electrician, had not placed the bulbs with Pop's laborious care. I could do it, David told himself; I could get the star up there. But as he looked again, up through the high and bearded branches, confidence waned. The wind pushed hard. The big tree swayed. Fear punched his aspirations full of holes. He'd always been afraid of height. Diving boards had shamed him at camp. Steep ladders ascended with other kids had never paid off in joy.

"David," Miss Cousins called, "is there a draft?"

Quietly he closed the door. "No, ma'am," he said after a moment, and hoped he was speaking the truth. She would probably doze off later, he thought, and he hoped to be braver then.

JOHN COOPER, if fond of snow, had not planned spending so much of this traditional evening on his stomach, shoving squares of corrugated paper and the split sides of an orange crate beneath the bogged rear wheels of Maurice Kiely's gorgeous automobile.

"When I say give it gas—then give it gas," he shouted, "but easy—understand?"

"Now, John?"

"No!" he screamed. "Not now! I've got my damned head under the wheel!"

"Yes, John."

"There must be easier ways of getting rid of a husband than grinding off his head," he mumbled bitterly.

She did not reply. He supposed she just continued sitting there, looking warm

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and beautiful. He got out from under the car, with the corrugated paper and the wood slats placed just so. When he stood erect, the snow that was lodged in his collar was free to tumble down inside his shirt. He said nothing. He endured it. The car was lodged in a modest drift at the west end of Union Square, which lay in white serenity not consistent with its history. John rubbed his hands and squinted his eyes. He thought he could see a bicycle in the window of a shop on 14th Street. He was not sure. On 34th there had been bikes, and on 28th and 23rd Streets, bikes—the wrong kind, all of them.

"When I say go," he said to Kathryn, "go. Don't turn the wheels. We'll keep the wheels straight. Straight. Ess-tee-arr-aye—follow me?"

"Yes, John."

He crouched low, using the curbstone as an anchor for his feet, his shoulder set firm against the rear of Maurice's car. His leverage was good. He thought, but only briefly, of his sacroiliac. He commanded, "Go!" and leaned with telling power into the task. The spinning wheels found traction for an instant, for an instant grasped at victory, and then skidded, swerved and settled into a deeper drift of snow.

John sat on the ground. He breathed deeply. A sinful man, he dared to pray—for patience if not forgiveness. A good wife and good mother she had always been, but Kathryn couldn't hold a car on a straight line if you ripped off the tires and fitted the rims to track. In Russia they would have a remedy: they'd shoot her through the head.

"Are you all right, John?" She got out of the car and surveyed his helplessness. "Do you think I should call Maurice?"

"You call Maurice," he said fiercely, "and I'll punch 'im in the nose. What's Maurice got that I haven't got—reindeer?"

"Well, he's at least able to control his temper."

"And control you, too," he shouted. "I suppose you think I don't know he's been drooling after you for fifteen years—that pious bachelor cardboard saint!"

"Dear John," she said. "Poor John,"

He kicked the car. He jumped up and down.

THE STORE on 14th Street did not have a "Boy-Joy" bike in stock, with or without speedometer, tri-tone horn and western saddle. Instead they had a shovel, price \$2.45, that managed to free the car. "The Boy-Joys were in great demand this year," the man on 14th Street told John. "What you might do, though, is try down below. Try Delancey Street, maybe, or Grand."

John drove south on lanes already fashioned by the plows of the Sanitation Department. Lower Broadway pressed east. Enough snow tumbled from the face of a clock on a corner bank for the time to be read: 9:45. They were warm in the

car and the heater thawed his toes. The windshield wipers slapped the snow away with steady and disdainful strokes. "It's a lovely car, John, isn't it?" Kathryn said.

"Mmmmmmm," he said, "if you like them big and showy, I suppose so."

She began to hum some jingle of the season in gay agreement with the windshield wipers and the motion of the car. His quick glance found her preoccupied, as though her heart wasn't fractured like a crunched egg in the manner of his own. The fragrance of her cigarette disturbed him only because she had not troubled to light another for him. Her gloved hand on the window-control brought the huge pane down and the cold night in. "Aagh!" she sighed with sudden and girlish delight.

His teeth began to clack. Stoically he clamped his jaws, not reminding her that for several hours at regular intervals he had been under this 4-wheeled Pullman like a nesting penguin, and with his stomach stained as white. Near 8th Street they were obliged to stop where a trailer-truck, crosswise, blocked traffic south. John solved this temporarily by driving west in the wake of a working plow. The intricate lanes of Greenwich Village held no mystery. He was aware he could travel south on Sixth Avenue as far as he chose to go. The ancient dwellings here, white-capped and jumble-sized as a drop-kicked wedding cake, were more than a remembered sight. He looked again at Kathryn.

"A long time, John, since we've been here," she said. "I'm sure that you must have forgotten."

"Me forget?"

His tone was injured, his driving inattentive. He swerved away from a hastening mailtruck and slowed the wheels just long enough for them to get bogged again. The rear wheels spun and spun, turning clean and hearty snow to slush. The car would not go forward. Wearily, resignedly, he opened the door. Kathryn got out on her side. She looked at him critically. He must not have looked good. "Here, give me the shovel," she said.

"The what?"

"The shovel," she repeated. "This can't go on all night. I have to get home to my family."

Her family, he thought. It used to be their family. Standing here in her fine clothes telling him. "All right, take the damned shovel," he said. "It serves you right." After what he'd gone through tonight? Admiral Byrd, he could have told her, seeking the top and bottom of earth, had not endured much more. Let her shovel, boy, and he could tell you that she wouldn't shovel long. He turned away and lit a cigarette. He leaned against a fender. He gazed around. The house they had lived in when they first were married wasn't far from here. Not much of an apartment, thinking back. Three and a half rooms, full of law books, hope, and, after a while, two kids. David, of

course, had not been born, and the whole place would have fitted, diapers, sterilizer, bunny rabbits and unscathed fidelity, into their present living room. He threw away his cigarette. He turned back to Kathryn.

"Had enough?"

But she was shoveling mightily, and indeed to such effect the shovel drew sparks from the bare stone of the street. Admirers stopped to behold her labors first, then stare accusingly at him. Dammit, he thought, you could depend on nothing any more.

"Here, gimme that."

Grimly he completed the task. His arms and back ached hardly more than after a good jump off a bridge. They got in the car again.

"Slow down, John," Kathryn said, and he slowed on Delancey Street. "That place over there. I know that place. On the sidestreet, John, but let's park here."

They got out. It was a basement store, with a sign: SHAPIRO. John walked in first, Kathryn behind him. There was an old man there and John spoke wearily of his quest. Mr. Shapiro nodded assuringly. "A Joy-Boy we got."

John wavered unsteadily. He feared this must be wrong. "With the whatchamacallits?" he said then nervously. "The speedometer? An' the—"

"Weeth the bip-bip an' the saddle, it is perfectly correct. Don't get excited. Over this way. It's a bee-yutty?"

It was blue and resplendent and a beauty, of course. John rode it the length of the store and tried the three-toned horn. He then saw something else and got off the bike, with Kathryn watching him. It was a silver star, at the other side of the store. He walked over and picked it up. It was very big, as such stars go. The biggest and the loveliest that he had ever seen. It seemed to be made of porous rhinestones and when he moved it in his hands beneath the light it shrieked with brilliance. There was a bluish bulb inside.

"Is too big for a howiss," Mr. Shapiro explained behind him. "Is for a great big tree outside a howiss, or mebbe oppin Rockefeller's Santer. You could yuzz it?"

John held it for a while and then said, "No; it's too beautiful, Mr. Shapiro. And besides, I don't deserve it." He put it down and turned away. Kathryn, he saw, was talking with Mrs. Shapiro. "Used to carm in here yizz ago, your wife," Mr. Shapiro said. The subject of years began to prosper. Mrs. Shapiro enjoyed it, too. To Kathryn she said, "Is how long since you've been in our store? Ten years maybe? Twalve?"

Kathryn said she couldn't quite tell. It was hard to add them all up. "So whart is the diff'rance?" Mrs. Shapiro asked. "You gotchur healt', your fem-ily, you gotchur hosband." She turned to John, a little perplexed, but tolerant. "This is your hosband?"

"Well, I'm the best she can do at the moment," he said, and in a mirror he was

facing, he was not a groomed delight. The crown of his hat was no longer dented, but round as a soccer ball. The rim looked like the flaps of a banking plane.

"Well, like I said to Myron," said Mrs. Shapiro, "we do with what we got. Look, dolling." She turned to Kathryn. "Sarmthing is wrung? I can gatchur coppa tea?"

"I'll be all right in a moment," Kathryn said, and as far as John could see, for no good reason, shed tears enough to melt half the snow outside Shapiro's store. . . .

WELL, that's the way it is, he thought, and it served to demonstrate again how weird a wife can be. They were almost home. The big car managed nicely on the parkway where the snow was crunched down by previous cars and there were no impassable drifts. They were tired and had been silent. As the author of legal briefs that often droned on like a mountain stream, he had a hard time finding words. He made the right turn off the parkway that would lead them home, driving carefully but wanting momentum for the upgrade to their street.

"You all right now?" he asked.

"I'm all right, thank you," she said humbly. And then softly: "John—John I should have made you buy that star. It was mean and thoughtless of me not to have insisted."

"Never mind," he said. "I was kind of nasty myself. All the things I said about Maurice—hot-headed, angry things. After all, he's a friend of mine, and I know you admire the guy."

"They say he's an excellent divorce lawyer. He is that, isn't he?"

"That's right." He swallowed dryly. "They say he's the very best."

"Well, John," she said, "in this season of the year, when all our thoughts turn heavenward, let me tell you this—I say the hell with Maurice!"

"Repeat that please?"

"I'm saying that my feet are wet and I'm cold and telling the truth. I really think that Nevada would have too dry a climate for me."

He leaned towards her and the pressure of his body moved the wheel. They skidded once on the ascending grade. The big car lurched. The motor stalled. They settled then securely in a quantity of snow. They were a single block from home.

"We'll leave it here," John said. "We'll let it rot."

He hoisted the bike and carried it, with Kathryn holding close to him. Very tired he was and grateful to the Lord. Kathryn giggled and said to him, "You think David will like the bike?"

"I dunno," he said. "We're a kind of peculiar family."

They made the last turn to the house. The fir tree glowed in welcome and they both beheld the star.

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EDITORIAL

GLEAMS THROUGH THE CURTAIN



Bruno Shaw's article, "Cracking the Iron Curtain", in last month's issue of *The Elks Magazine* was a message of cheer to all Americans who have their attention focused on European lands dominated by the Kremlin.

Our members, and the many outside our Order who read our January issue, will recall another significant analysis, "Russia's Weapon of Satellitism", in which author W. B. Courtney gave a less encouraging picture. Mr. Courtney, it will be remembered, marked the heavy steps which the Soviets were taking to stamp out, not only actual resistance, but any possibility of future resistance among the enslaved spirits being reshaped by Kremlin modelers. Perhaps the darkest line of all in his portrayal was his point that time, rather than being on the side of freedom, would abet the Red Masters. For physical privation and mental terror would relentlessly grind the adults to creatures of abject surrender, while Muscovite education would effectively mould the young into pawns for conquest. In time, unopposed, the Kremlin would win.

Fortunately for the subjugated peoples, and for the cause of freedom, the mad program did not proceed without counteracting force. Huge sums of money have been spent, valuable time and enervating efforts of Americans have been devoted to conveying messages of truth to these propagandized lands. But do such measures have any effect upon peoples who have no visible means with which to revolt or resist? Are they merely safety valves through which we futilely vent our wrath against Soviet excesses?

These questions Mr. Shaw set out to answer. He conferred with five leaders-in-exile from Poland, Hungary, Romania, Lithuania and Czechoslovakia, and the answers he received were as eloquent as they were informative.

While they dream of the brave new world to come, these former leaders do not gloss over the difficulties that bar their path. They tell us of the decimation of their people as those sent to forced labor camps are worked to death, the healthy in three years at the longest, and the ailing in a few weeks, or even days. They admit that thoughts of revolt are idle. They recognize the danger that the new generation may grow up indoctrinated with a hatred of the West. In spite of all, they look once again for freedom. In the Voice of America and other media of communication, they see the rebirth of hope in their people, a faith in ultimate deliverance; if not for them, then for their children and their grandchildren. The news of the firm stand taken by the West and the growing strength of free nations gives them renewed determination to hold to the shrewd and passive resistance that has caused the liquidation of more than one Communist leader by order of the Kremlin.

It is apparent after hearing their stories that in our

radio messages and personal letters to relatives abroad, we have thrown a switch to send new energy into these darkened lands. And as we all know, a simple switch may set in motion a huge dynamo.

The Kremlin empire has grown from 300 million to 800 million in a dozen years. But empires founded on slavery have crumbled before, and it has been the reborn spirit of the enslaved which has caused the disintegration.

A DOUBLE-FEATURE CHARITY



People in the higher income brackets today face an odd problem. They fully realize that because of high taxes their surplus income is of little value to them in dollars and cents, yet they must devote a great deal of attention to it in carrying out their moral responsibility to dispense it wisely.

If they are to enjoy satisfaction in the distribution of their top-tax dollars, they must see to it, for one thing, that that portion which may, at little cost to themselves, be expended in charitable donations is given to benevolent agencies which meet their own high standards.

We feel that we will perform a real service to high-bracket members if we direct their attention, in this last 1951-income month, to their own Order's agency of good works, the Elks National Foundation.

All of our members already know, through numerous reports carried in this Magazine, of the magnificent work done by our Foundation in connection with cerebral palsy, the awarding of scholarships and other worthy activities. What bears emphasis here, though, is the ingenious make-up of the Elks National Foundation, proving beyond a doubt that here is a charitable fund which is exceptionally well run.

Assuming that you are now in good position to contribute high-income dollars, let us remind you of these two features of the Foundation which, we know you will agree, are unique. First, every penny of every dollar you give to the Foundation will be devoted to Charity—all overhead expense is borne by the Grand Lodge. Second, every dollar that you give will work for Charity all the rest of your life, and long after—your donation goes into the corpus of the Foundation fund and may never be touched because only the interest it earns may be expended.

This last point deserves your special notice. Since the principal may not be disbursed, the fund must grow and grow. Aside from the pleasure it will give you to make a donation now, will it not make you proud in years to come, when the Foundation fund will total many millions and be a powerful agency for good, to know that your money is there, ever working, ever earning interest to be expended in the name of sweet Charity?

As stated on page 43 of the July issue of *The Elks Magazine*, and again on page 3 of the issue of last month, contributions to the Foundation, under an official ruling handed down this year by the Treasury Department, are deductible in computing taxable net income.

Let us urge you to decide now that you will place the Foundation high on your list of favorite charities and, after referring to your tax return of last year, determine what

donation you will make at this time out of 1951 income. Will you not also bear in mind that Foundation disbursements benefit the general American public and that therefore your non-Elk friends may be interested in this benevolent fund that is administered cost-free by the Elks, without one cent of overhead expense taken from donated funds.

A GALA FRATERNAL EVENT



In any discussion of the warp and woof of Elkdom, you may hear it said that the Elks lodge is primarily a social organization. This is a conclusion which we must all acknowledge to be correct.

The lodge is not a school, even though it does provide more opportunity for practical training in leadership and study of human nature than exists in many a university. It is not a place of refuge for the needy, yet it centers the attention of its affiliates on the needs and wants of the afflicted and underprivileged. It is not a church, although it supplements the efforts of the forces for good in life by cultivating the ideals of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity in the minds and hearts of its members.

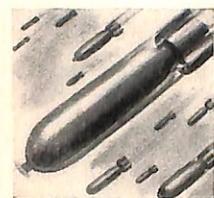
We must also admit, as we saw it recently stated, that the Elks lodge is not essentially a philanthropy. It is interesting to observe, however, that outright gifts to institutions and services to communities constitute such a large ratio of the major newsworthy activities of our Lodges.

In an analysis of pictures and items which appeared in the news of the Lodges sections of the last four issues of *The Elks Magazine* we found that of 266 published activities, 116 were fraternal happenings within the lodge, while 150 reported gifts and services of one kind or another. In 38 instances we noted that lodges mentioned the amount of money spent in the benevolent undertaking. The total for these 38 Lodges alone was \$384,115.

It is not possible, in our opinion, to page through the News of the Lodges reported in each issue without seeing that philanthropic endeavors provide some of the brightest threads in the rich tapestry that portrays Elkdom. True enough, fraternal relationships form the basic pattern, but other phases of membership add greater purpose and definition and may not be plucked out without damage to the whole.

Next time you notice a Lodge News picture concerning a gift to a hospital or the like, study the faces of the members shown. In their proud smiles you will see all of the joy of giving, all of the spark that made the charitable project a gala fraternal event of the Lodge.

DEFEND YOUR HOME



Warfare always has been a very personal thing for those caught up directly in its destruction—the contending forces and the civilians whose homes and lives were engulfed in conflict. Yet in the past victims of war were comparatively few in number. For most people, war was remote and touched their lives but little. Modern warfare has changed all this, and the

change has come with stunning swiftness in this generation. The airplane and the atomic bomb have made war a personal experience to be shared by total populations.

All of this is well known. Yet, for reasons that are not clear, we seem to be little disturbed by the awful danger that we admit to exist. There are half-hearted gestures here and there in the direction of organizing civilian defense measures. Real progress has been made in some communities, but they are so few as to be conspicuous. It is a splendid tribute to our nerves that we have not allowed ourselves to become panicked by the threat of atomic destruction; but our failure to exercise ordinary common sense to avert or minimize a mortal danger to our very existence is stupid and reckless.

Recognizing the grave menace that hangs over our country, the Elks National Service Commission last spring drew up a civilian defense program for Elks lodges, and appealed to them to take the lead in preparing their communities to defend themselves against enemy action. Many lodges responded to this appeal, but too many have neglected this responsibility, as Chairman James T. Hallinan of the Commission stated bluntly last month in renewing the plea for action by Elks to defend America's homeland.

"Inability of governmental agencies to achieve an adequate state of preparedness," said he, "makes it more urgent that we, as Elks, who are leaders in our communities, assume the responsibility to provide the best possible protection for our families, our homes and our country."

Our Pilgrim Fathers looked to nobody else for the protection of their homes and families. The men and women who conquered a wilderness and created a nation depended upon their own right arms to defend their homes and their families. Has this generation, so little removed from those stalwart ancestors, lost that rugged character? In a very real sense, the enemy is as close to us today as he was to them yesterday, and the defense of our homes and our families is a personal responsibility that we duck at our personal peril.

What are you waiting for?

NOW WE'RE BRAGGING



Elks have many reasons to be proud of their Magazine, and here is one more reason that has just come to our attention, which we hasten to pass on to our Brothers.

Among the 13 stories selected for inclusion in David C. Cooke's 1951 anthology, "Best Detective Stories of the Year", are two from your Magazine. They are Octavus Roy Cohen's "Florian Slappey—Private Eye," and David M. Newell's "Into the Web." In his introduction to the latter yarn, Mr. Cooke makes some comments that will please you as much as they pleased us. Said he: "You will not find *The Elks Magazine* on any newsstand, and the amount of fiction it contains is small. But its astute editor, Lee C. Hickey, has a good eye and discriminating taste."

We don't like to cast any doubts on Mr. Cooke's judgment, but Editor Hickey was not astute enough to keep this out of the Magazine, despite his orders to that effect.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 7)

ference of the CONN. STATE ELKS ASSN. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin and George L. Hall were participants in the celebration which was in charge of Pres. Charles I. Olmstead and E.R. William J. Cahill, Jr., of Meriden Lodge. P.D.D. Charles N. Carroll acted as Master of Ceremonies.

From Boston, on Oct. 7th, Mr. Davis and his party drove to the home of MANCHESTER, N. H., LODGE, NO. 146, for a well-attended banquet at which E.R. Maurice J. Savage presided. In the official party were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, Grand Trustee Thomas J. Brady, Chairman Edward A. Spry of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, James A. Bresnahan of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge and Mass. State Pres. William R. Burns.

With Grand Est. Loyal Knight C. Dwight Stevens, Maine State Pres. John S. McComb, Jr., and D.D.'s Edward R. Twomey and Oscar P. Benn, the Order's leader attended a luncheon meeting as guest of BIDDEFORD-SACO, ME., LODGE, NO. 1597, in the company of E.R. Gene A. Palmer and 150 members. During the afternoon, the visitors made a brief stop at the home of PORTLAND, ME., LODGE, NO. 188, to be greeted by E.R. Royden K. Maddocks and a large group of Portland Elks.

The evening of the 8th was devoted primarily to a banquet attended by about 300 Elks, led by E.R. Thomas J. Anthoine at the home of LEWISTON, ME., LODGE, NO. 371. On the following day, the official party drove to WATERVILLE, ME., LODGE, NO. 905, for a luncheon arranged by E.R. Joseph Sirois, and that evening Mr. Davis was the guest of honor at a dinner attended by 250 Elks, and presided over by E.R. Sanford M. Downing of RUMFORD, ME., LODGE, NO. 862.

Oct. 10th found the Grand Exalted Ruler's party driving through the autumn-tinged White Mountains, reaching BERLIN, N. H., LODGE, NO. 618, for luncheon with E.R. Robert J. Morris and about 150 fellow members. Following his address, Mr. Davis presented 50-year membership pins to two Charter Members of the lodge. During the afternoon, the travelers paid a visit to the new LITTLETON, N. H., LODGE, NO. 1831, to be welcomed by E.R. Guy A. Rich. That evening found Mr. Davis as the guest of E.R. Gaston C. Bachand and members of ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., LODGE, NO. 1343, at a most enjoyable dinner attended by about 350 Elks and their ladies. After leaving St. Johnsbury the next morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his escort stopped in MONTPELIER, VT., where Mr. Davis placed a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, for many years one of the most

active Elks of the State. That noon, about 150 members of RUTLAND, VT., LODGE, NO. 345, led by E.R. Leo F. Keefe, heard a luncheon address by Mr. Davis, who was introduced by P.E.R. Angelo J. Spero. Later, the party stopped at the home of BENNINGTON, VT., LODGE, NO. 567, to be greeted by E.R. Virginio Perrotta.

The Order's leader ended his New England trip on Oct. 11th at an evening meeting at the home of ADAMS, MASS., LODGE, NO. 1335, which followed a dinner attended by 500 members and ladies, celebrating the lodge's 35th Anniversary. E.R. Joseph C. Merlini and a capable committee were in charge of the very fine program, during which the Grand Exalted Ruler's stirring address was broadcast over a local radio station.

After returning to his home in Williamsport for a few days, Mr. Davis continued his tour of Elkedom on Oct. 15th with a visit to LITCHFIELD, ILL., LODGE, NO. 654, which was observing its 50th Anniversary. Featuring a lodge session was the initiation of a 72-member Howard R. Davis Class by the Ritualistic Team of Carlinville Lodge in the presence of many dignitaries, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell. Arrangements were in charge of P.E.R. Paul Armstrong.

The following day, Mr. Davis, accompanied by Mr. Campbell, Grand Trustee N. H. Feder, State Pres. Wm. S. Wolf, State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, John E. Giles of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee and D.D.'s Clarence Elledge and Charles W. Clabaugh, visited FLORA, ILL., LODGE, NO. 1659, for a luncheon meeting with about 125 members. During the day, the party made brief visits to various southern Ill. lodges, including SALEM NO. 1678, MT. VERNON NO. 819, FAIRFIELD NO. 1631, OLNEY NO. 926 and LAWRENCEVILLE NO. 1208.

That evening, Mr. Davis was the guest of MT. CARMEL, ILL., LODGE, NO. 715, for its Golden Jubilee banquet for about 350 Elks and their ladies. D.D. Clabaugh was Master of Ceremonies at the program which was in charge of E.R. Ish Clark and Secy. Darwin R. Tevault. At this event, the Order's leader had the pleasure of presenting a 50-year membership

pin to one of the three remaining Charter Members of the lodge, and directed that similar pins be given the two others who were unable to attend.

On Oct. 17th, the caravan traveled through the State, stopping at the following lodges: ROBINSON NO. 1188, PARIS NO. 812, CHARLESTON NO. 623, MATTOON NO. 495, URBANA NO. 991 and CHAMPAIGN NO. 398. E.R. J. Joseph Sullivan was host to a noon luncheon at Paris with about 75 members, and in the evening, the Champaign Elks entertained 300 at a dinner, followed by a lodge session at which E.R. Walter R. Erber presided.

Oct. 18th and 19th were spent in Michigan in the company of John K. Burch, former member of the Board of Grand Trustees, State Pres. Jay H. Payne of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, Grand Tiler Irvine J. Unger, Hugh L. Hartley of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee and D.D.'s Charles T. Noble, James O. Kelly and John M. McKay.

The group was entertained at luncheon on the 18th by DOWAGIAC, MICH., LODGE, NO. 889, with E.R. Rex Corwin heading an assemblage of 125 Elks representing eight lodges in the vicinity. After a short afternoon call at the home of KALAMAZOO LODGE NO. 50 where the visitors were received by E.R. Forrest E. Kimmell, the Order's leader and his party proceeded to BATTLE CREEK LODGE NO. 131 where 350 Elks and ladies were entertained by E.R. J. Kenneth Thompson and his fellow members at a dinner at which P.E.R. James J. Dunn acted as Toastmaster.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party attended an Oct. 19th luncheon with 70 members of ANN ARBOR LODGE NO. 325, led by E.R. William G. Steeb, and later made a short stop at SAGINAW LODGE NO. 47 with E.R. Edward L. Lee. That evening, the group was entertained by 400 members and ladies at BAY CITY LODGE NO. 88 at a dinner at which P.E.R. Linal J. Bailey, Sr., was Master of Ceremonies. E.R. Fred Jackman welcomed representatives of 14 lodges in the District who were present at this event.

The Grand Exalted Ruler met the Exalted Rulers of 15 of Minnesota's 24 lodges on Oct. 21st at a meeting at the home of ST. PAUL LODGE NO. 59, when the Blood Bank Program for the State was discussed. St. Paul Lodge was host to the group at luncheon, and in the evening 350 Elks and their guests attended a dinner and dance in the St. Paul Hotel. E.R. Edward B. Schliesing was in charge of the program which was attended by State Pres. Edward J. Curry and D.D.'s Harold V. Swain, E. Archie Cook and William C. Davini, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Itinerary

DECEMBER	LODGE
2	Greenville, Pa.
4	Queens Borough, N. Y.
5	Queens Borough, N. Y.
6	Yonkers, N. Y.
7	Mamaroneck, N. Y.
8	Middletown, N. Y.
10	Ithaca, N. Y.
11	Cortland, N. Y.
13	Ashtrabula, Ohio



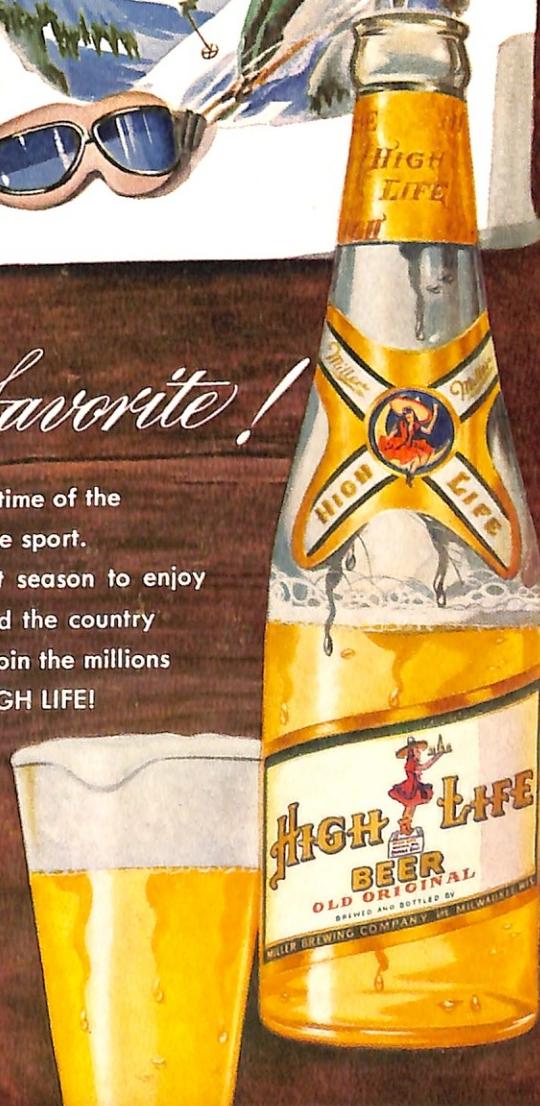
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